THE CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

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VOL. 41. EMPORIUM, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1906. NO. 44.

Notice.

I the undersigned have about 50 loads of saw dust. Same I will deliver in Emporium at $1.75 per load.

44-4t. CHAS. M. SPANGLER.

Purchases a Home.

Prothonotary-elect W. J. Leavitt has purchased from Mr. Alfred Nelson the house and lot occupied by the latter on east Sixth street. Mr. Leavitt will move his family here as soon as Mr. Nelson vacates.

Honor Roll.

Sweesey school honor roll for the third month of school: Gertrude Swesey, Dean Goodwin, Daisy Lewis, Myrtle Swesey, Reva Lewis, Lettte Craven, Pete Craven, Claude Lewis, Jettie Craven.

EZRA SMITH, Teacher.

Christmas Service at Emmanuel Church.

Christmas day services: 10:00 a. m., Morning Prayer and Holy Communion. The Sunday School Festival and Christmas Tree will be held in the parish house, Friday evening Dec. 28th, (Holy Innocents' Day.)

Back From Virginia.

Lyman Wiley has returned from Boyd, Virginia, where he has been in the employ of an extensive lumber firm as saw filer. Mr. Wiley says they have some large timber in that country, some measuring 46 inches across the butt end of the log, came to his mill. Lyman will stay at home for some time.

Hand Painted China.

We have an elegant line of genuine hand painted china by fine French artists as well as American artists, so that we are not confined to the work or ideas of one person. Our prices are reasonable and if you will look the line over you will surely be pleased with it.

GEO METZGER, JR.

Will Join the "Hayseeds."

Alfred Nelson has purchased the Michael Zimmet farm, containing 88 acres, up Plank Road Hollow and will take possession at an early date. Alfred ia an industrious citizen, and having been reared on a farm in Sweden will no doubt make a success of his new venture. His farm contains a valuable stone quary.

Instructions in the Prayer Book.

A course of instructions in the Prayer Book is in progress at Emmanuel Church in connection with the Friday evening services. The subject this week. "The Rubrics—Sentences—Exhortation."

The usual Friday evening service on December 28 will give place to the Sunday School Christmas festival to be held in the parish house on that date.

A Sensible Christmas

Let this be a sensible Christmas, instead of buying a lot of jim cracks, make presents that will last and be a source of joy for years to come; buy a few solid silver spoons or a nice piece of cut glass, a little good jewelry, a fine piece ef china or nice clock, something that will start or aid to your collections of things that you can take pride in showing your friends years afterwards. This is the class of goods you will find at Metzger's: his name is a guarantee that it is the best to be had.

It Costs Only One Cent.

To send a card asking for our catalog setting forth the advantages enjoyed by the students who attend The State Normal of Indiana, and it may be the turning point in the life of your son or daughter. An education obtained in a good normal school fits for life and business, as do other schools, but its diploma has a peculiar legal value that should not be overlooked, it makes its possessor a legally qualified teacher in the State for life.

None of us can look very far into the future. Your daughter may not need to teach now, and may lay her normal diploma away never intending to use it. But some disaster later in life may make it necssary for her to earn her living, and that diploma would prove her most valuable possession. Is it not best to be edueated in a shool whose diploma has such velue?

The Indiana State Normal was founded by the General Assembly in 1871; it is one of the best known schools of its kind in the land, and the expense of attending it is as low as can be found in any first-class institution of learning.

Our Winter Term will open, January 1. If you desire full information about this school, address the Principal, James E. Ament, LL. D., Indiana, Pa. 44-2t.

Sofa pillows and pillow tops, lunch cloths, linen towels and everything for gifts for the children, at Chas. Diehl's.

ARGUMENT COURT.

Eight License Applications Refused—Unanimous Order of Court.

Argument Court convened last Monday, with President Judge B. W. Green and Associates John McDonald and Geo. J. LaBar, presiding.

After transacting the usual legal business, such as appointing administrators, approving accounts and deeds, hearing arguments, etc , the court took up the license applications for the year 1907.

The following remonstrance having been presented to the Court, His Honor, Judge Green, read the same to those present:

IN THE COURT OF QUARTER SESSIONS OF CAMERON COUNTY, DCEEMBER TERM, 1906.

To the Honorable the Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions.

We, the undersigned, pastors of churches in the Borough of Emporium in said county respectfu ly beg to petition your Honors and to represent that we are greatly interested in the moral welfare and peace of said Borough, and are anxious to keep said Borough in a condition of high respectability and purity. We therefore beg to call the attention of your Honors to the fact that the granting of licenses to sell vinous, malt and spirituous liquors in said Borough has in the past greatly exceeded any public necessity or requirement, and the present applications being in equel number, we are constrained to pretest. We are informed there are now seventeen (17) applications for license in the Borough of Emporium. This is as great a number as is usually granted io a city or borough of two or three times the population of this Borough, and is certainly beyond the necessities of the public. We appeal to your Honors to see this fact and in the exercise of your own good judgments, with the courage that we know you to possess, refuse to grant more licenses than your judgment approves.

And your petitioners will ever pray, etc.

J. M. ROBERTSON,
A. E. CLEAVER,
GEO. F JOHNSTON.
J. E CALVIN,
J. NELSON BENNETT,

Emporium, Pa., Dec. 17, 1906.

The license applications were considered singly, as follows:

LICENSES GRANTED

Hotels:—O. L. Bailey, Geo. P. Shafer, Grove; A. M. McDonald, Thos J. Riley, W. H. Mitchell, Sophia McVicker, Driftwood; A. F. Walker, Mary A. Furlong, Robt Graham, Lumber; Michael J. Dolan, D. W. Donovan, John Cummings, Michael Murphy, W. G. Gilbert, S. D McDonald, John C Kibe, John L. Johnson, Chas. F. Johnson, Emporium.

Wholesale License—Henry Kraft, A. A. McDonald, F X. Blumle.

Bottlers Licenses—Henry Kraft, F. X. Blumle.

Reataurant License—William McDonald.

LICENSES REFUSED.

H. W. Martindale and H. A. Smith, Grove; J. H. Welton, Gibson; P. J. Robinson, Lumber; J. H. Evans, Portage; Chas. Farley, Dan'l McCormick, M. F. Hamilton, John Costello, Emporium.

ORDER OF COURT.

After passing upon the license applications the court made the following order:

And now, Dec. 17th, 1906, it is ordered by the Court of Quarter Sessions of the county of Cameron, that on and after the first day of January, A. D., 1907, no liquors of any kind shall be sold or furnished by persons licensed by this court, or their employes in hotels and eating houses, between the hours of ten o'clock, p. m., and six o'clock, a m., the following morning, and by those licensed to sell at wholesale and bottlers between the hours of eight o'clock, p m., and six o'clock, a. m, the following morning; and all barrooms and other rooms where liquors are kept or sold, shall be closed during said time.

That licenses granted for keeping eating houses or restaurants shall authorize the sale of no intoxicating liquors except domestic wines and malt and brewed liquors.

That wholesale dealers shall not sell any spiritous or vinous liquors in less quantities than one quart, or sell, furnish or deliver the same in bottles containing less quantity, or sell brewed or malt liquors in less quantities than twelve pints; and the same shall not be allowed to be drank on the premises where sold In licensed places where more than one bar or room is used for the sale or furnishing of liquors, only one bar room or place shall be used for the sale or furnishing of spiritous or vinous liquors

The Clerk of the Court is directed to furnish each person licensed, as well as all Constables, with a certified copy of this order.

By the Court

B. W. GREEN, President Judge.
JOHN MCDONALD, Associate Judge.
GEO J LABAR, Associate Judge.

Certified from the record, Dec. 17, 1906.

C J. GOODNOUGH, Clerk Q S.

You can get all kinds of good cedar shingles at C. B. Howard & Co..

Christmas Joy.

Why is Christmas of all festivals and holidays the happiest in the year? Some may regard it as a sufficient answer to say that it is the happiest time of the year, because we choose to make it so. There is profound philosophy in this answer, for life in general is what we choose to make it. Our optimism or pessimism is not determined by the way we reason nor by our ability to reason; neither is it determined by the way we feel, nor by what we suffer; but it is determined by the attitude of our wills. The optimist wills to believe in a soul of goodness, even in things evil, and it is this primary attitude of will that determines the way he thinks and feels. We are happy in Christmastide because we believe that it is worth while to be happy and choose to enter into the spirit of happiness. But the same may be said of other happy seasons as well. Why is Christmas the happiest time of all?

Ancient and deeply seated custom may be urged in the way of explanation. The celebration of the Nativity of Christ is as old, almost, as the Christian era. This Christian observance is one of those intangible, yet very tangible, ties which bind nations together, and unite the life of the present to countless past generations

The atmosphere of Christmas is alive with a spirit of a common perennial Christian humanity. Our Christmas joy is not an individual experience, but one which brings us into fellow ship with the heart of Christendom in its vast extent and duration. Nay, more. This custom of rejoicing at the time of the winter solstice was hoary with antiquity when the stable of Bethlehem was still unbuilt.

Many Yule-tide observances are of pagan origin. The early Christian fathers, wisely assuming that Christ, was not come to destroy but to fulfil, retained such popular pagan custom, as were the innocent expression of elemental human joy. So the habit of Yuletide rejoicing is older than Christianity itself, as old in fact, at the time when primitive man first learned to see in the northward turning sun the promise of another summer and of the rejuvenescence of nature. Yes, the habit of rejoicing at Yule-tide is so ancient and deeply seated, that we could as soon alter the form of our blood corpuscles as eradicate that habit.

Nature herself has had much to do in making this the gladdest time of the year. The beginning of the sun's return after his six months decline gives the incentive and occasion for festive joy. The enforced leisure of the winter furnished the opportunity, while indoor warmth and cheer, in contrast to and in defiance of, the falling snow and biting blasts, gave to this rejoicing its keenest zest. In this time and region of natural gas we have been deprived largely of our inheritance of blazing logs and comfortable chimney seats. Here and there one with the courage to do it (and incidentally the means) rises in rebellion against the gas stove and installs a good old fashioned hearth on which he can burn fragrant logs of hardwood at Yule-tide, and a mantel beneath which Santa Claus, emerging, finds the expectant stockings.

This reminds us of another very important element in the joy of Christmas-tide, an element for which we are indebted to the Christian meaning of the festival. The day which celebrates the birth of the infant Redeemer is preeminently the festival of childhood. Some sapless philosophers think that the world is fast becoming old and worn out, that the Golden Age (if there ever was one) is in the past, and that all that awaits us is mould and darkness. But do not believe a word of such stuff—especially not at this season of the year. By providing that our race shall come into the world in statments, God has wonderfully assured the perpetual youthfulness and vigor of humanity. The world was never so old and seemingly played out as it was just before the Babe of Bethlehem was born to make it young again. The knell of England's doom had sounded in 1781—according to some of her wisest statesmen; but shortly came Robert Burns and William Wordsworth singing the poetry of child life and the home, and British power expanded to heights and breadths undreamed of. The nation or the race that makes much of its children is sure to be a vigorous and growing people. The age that enters into the spirit and life of childhood is sure to be an age of achievement. By its Gospel of the Infancy, Christianity has taken captive the heart of humanity and has entered into the very center of its deepest faith, its brightest hope and its tenderest love.

The latest music at Chas. Diehl's.

NO PAPER NEXT WEEK.

In accordance with the time honored custom there will not be any paper issued next week. This will give us time to rest a little and clean shop. The jobbing department will be open for business as will also the business office.

Our Electric Light.

The representative of Struthers & Wells was here to examine the Electric light plant. He examined the cyclinders of the engine and pronounced them all right and not worn enough to need reboring, but that the exhaust valves needed grinding in to stop the air going by, and loosing the compression. This has to be looked after with any gas engine, and there are several workmen in Emporium capable of doing this work without sending for outside help. Even if the cylinders did need reboring that size engine and larger, can be rebored in Emporium. Not only that but a machine could have been shipped here to rebore them without even taking the engine down, but boring them right on their own beds. The people that are responsible for this piece of work should be held responsible for the price of repairs together with the express both ways, which amounts to $28.50, as it is not fair to the tax payers to have to pay such foolish bills without calling a meeting of the council and taking a vote to see if it had to be done.

A job like this will look foolish to the people at Warren; they will think there is not a workman in Emporium, when we send an engine out of town simply to rebore a cylinder. We have heard it said that the plant is worn out. For the benefit of those who do not know we will say that this it not so, but it is in good condition.

Why does the President of council ignore the Electric Light Committee?

ROBERT GREEN,
J. D. MARSHALL,
Members of Council.

Watch the Electric Light.

We are at a loss to understand the meaning of the term "green light" used by the *Independent*. We have been noticing the lights for some time and must say the service has been anything but satisfactory for the past two or three weeks.

We are, of course, not to blame for any crazy assumption that may have entered the heads of the East Ward Councilmen, and if the Middle ward councilmen did have dates, for which they might have preferred darkness, it was certainly of no interest to any one but themselves.

So far as spending the people's money is concerned, the parties responsible for the sending away of the engine at this time, did just exactly what they would have down, had it been their own private property.

We must take exception to the statements contained in the last paragraph of the article in the *Independent*, and seriously question the integrity of some of the signers of the article in question, as will be proven by the following facts

Shortly after the present engineer took charge of the light plant, he called in the electric light committee, which by the way is represented in the east ward by Mr. Robert Green, who is chairman of the electric light committee also, some of the other councilmen, to inspect the engine. At that time, which was about four months ago, it was unanimously agreed by all present that the engine needed a thorough overhauling; new valve seats, new valves and pistons, also to have the cylinders bored. If it was necessary to have the cylinders bored four months ago, is it likely that the engine after running four months is in better condition than it was then?

We are informed that exception is taken to the fact that the work was not given to the Machine Co., at this place If these gentleman from the East ward will explain why it has always been necessary to send to Struthers & Wells Co., at Warren, for even the slightest repairs, the people responsible for sending the engine stand ready to show good cause for their action.

We dislike very much to be compelled to take up this matter through the public press, but we must defend ourselves, and would very much prefer to discuss these matters at the proper place—the council meetings—at which place we are always ready to answer for our action.

MIDDLE WARD COUNCILMEN.

Reduced Rates to State College, Pa.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, account Farmers' Congress of Pennsylvania. Tickets sold December 26, 27 and 28, good returning until January 4, inclusive, from all stations in Pennsylvania. Consult nearest Ticket Agent.

R. M. Williams Visits Michigan.

When I yisited Michigan 22 years ago, the pine timber was being cut on many tracts and now that land is cleared and stumped, and has been put into winter grain and other crops, while good substantial farm buildings have been built, wind-mills erected for pumping water, etc., etc., adding a great deal to the looks of the country from a farmers point of view. School houses, churches, banks and other public buildings are being built of cement blocks, which are manufactured right on the ground. A great many dwelling houses are being built of the same material and it seems to be cheaper than building of wood, at present prices of lumber.

An industry, second only to the sugar beet business in some sections of the state, is the cucumber pickling business. Of course it costs a little more to raise, pick and market an acre of cucumbers than it does an acre of beets, but then the returns are generallly greater, $100 an acre for the crop not being uncommon.

Heinz the pickle man, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has a large pickling and vinegar plant at Holly, Mich., a few miles out of Saginaw, and we understand has another somewhere in the state.

Libby, McNeal & Libby, the meat packers, have a salting plant at Riverdale, Mich., with 24 tanks in the main building, holding from 1,000 to 1500 bushels to the tank, and had them all full of last season's crop and several thousand bushels stored outside of the main building. A person looking through the establishment would think there were more than pickles enough to supply the United States to say nothing of the rest of the world; yet we understand they are going to double their capacity for next season's crop. Formerly the pickles were all assorted by hand but now they have an Automatic Sorting Machine When they dump in a wheelbarrow load of pickles and they come out assorted, in five different sizes, from the little bits of fellows for the finest bottling up to the size you pay the grocers 8 to 10 cents a dozen for. This saves the labor of a good many hands. These pickles are all barreled up, and shipped to Chicago, when they get to be a finished product, ready for the wholesale and retail trade.

But beets and cucumbers are not the only paying crops raised there, corn, potatoes, wheat, and all kinds of garden truck are raised in large quantities. Even the fruit crop was something immense, and peaches were only 50 to 60 cents a bushel for fine ones, while here we had to pay as high as $2.00 a bushel for seconds. The raising of celery and cauliflower is quite a business also, and some of the farmers are going to put in several acres, and sell them to the pickle men.

NUF SED.

First Fork, Pa., Dec. 16th, 1906.

Engagement Announced.

"Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Bailey, of Netcong, N. J., beg to announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Emma May Bailey, formerly of Emporium, to Mr. Fred Zweidinger, of Newark, N. J." The Emporium friends of the pleasant young lady will be pleased to hear she has finally surrendered and send congratulations. The PRESS sends cordial greeting.

Golden Seal Instituted,

A Lodge of the Order of the Golden Seal was successfully instituted in the K. O. T. M Hall here Saturday evening. The organizers met with great success here at Emporium, having over 100 certificates in force. It is important for every member to attend the next meetiug which will be held in the K. O T M. hall, Thursday evening, Dec 27th. Mrs. Charles Diehl, of Popular street, was appointed local secretary and all dues and assessments should be paid to her.

Boys and Girls Wanted.

Boys and Girls wanted to act as agents for the sale of the best line of Picture Post Cards ever issued. Send 10c for Six Beautiful samples and terms to agents.

Any bright Boy or Girl can very easily earn enough between now and the Christmas Holidays to secure a nice Christmas present.

Send to-day for Samples and Agent prices.

42tf A. WRIGHT, Pittsfield, Pa.

Complete line of rubbers for ladies, children, men and boys at Chas. Diehl's.

WANTED AGENTS—For the sale of the celebrated ROUMANY Veterinary Remedies and Condition Powders, for animals and fowls of all kinds. Liberal discount. For full information address the KEYSTONE VETERINARY REMEDY & SUPPLY CO., Harrisburg, Pa. 42-4t.

THE WEATHER.

FRIDAY, Rain or snow. SATURDAY, Fair

SUNDAY, Fair.

ASSETS

First National Bank,

EMPORIUM, PA.

At the close of business Dec. 19, 1906.

$776,603.52.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas we beg to announce that this bank will be closed on that day

DR. LEON REX FELT,
DENTIST.
Rockwell Block, Emporium, Pa.

NOTES OF INTEREST.

Finest perfumes and handkerchiefs at Chas. Diehl's.

All kinds of ribbon, all the pretty patterns at 10c per yard, at Chas. Diehl's.

Books are exchanged for the minimum amount of money at the Old Reliable Drug Store.

Miona stomach tablets which L. Taggart sells under a guarantee, cure all forms of stomach ills.

Examination free; it does not cost you anything to examine our large Xmas stock.

L. TAGGART.

$1,000 reward to any one discovering a better line of china and cut glass and at cheaper prices than the line displayed at Taggart's.

L. Taggart has received a fresh lot of Hyomei, the catarrh remedy that he guarantees, will cure or cost nothing. tion of your earnings for a rainy day.

Exclusive, inasmuch as we are the sole agents for the Buck cigar, and it is a dandy Xmas present.

OLD RELIABLE DRUG STORE.

C. B. Howard & Co., have the only large stock of shingles in the county at the present time. RED CEDAR from the Pacific Coast and WHITE CEDAR from Wisconsin.

A few people were disappointed last Xmas. Why? Because they bought china and cut glass w thout first getting the prices at the Old Reliable Drug Store.

The "StoughtonShoe," none better for men or boy, at Chas. Diehl's.

The Portage Store.

W. L. Dixon, proprietor of the Portage store, desires to inform his patrons and the general public that he is offering special inducement in canned goods for the next thirty days. Read this:

Tomatoes, 10c; Good California Peaches, 16c; Mince Meat, 8c, Corn 8c; Finest String Beans. 10c; Best Seeded Raisens, 11c; Seven bars Oak Leaf Soap, 25c. Other goods in proportion.

Call me on 'phone.

W. L. DIXON,
7-tf. Near Portage Bridge.

Death of Senator Matson.

Hon. Myron Matson, of Bradford, Pa., senator from the district comprising the counties of McKean, Potter and Tioga, passed away last Sunday, after a long and lingering illness. Senator Matson, was born Sept. 12th, 1850; came to Pennsylvania from Franklinville, N. Y., in 1870 and actively engaged in the oil business, amassing a large fortune. A great large hearted man, Senator Matson rapidly forged to the front and made and retained friends not only in his district but all over the state. Although Cameron was not a part of his senatorial district our people greatly respected him. His funeral took place on Tuesday, being conducted by the Masonic bodies.

A Christmas Suggestion.

The beautiful new "Deposit Ware," as the sterling silver decorated glassware is called, make excellent Christmas gifts. It is distinctly new and is considered quite the "correct" thing. We notice a nice line of it at Metzger's and advise you to look at it before making all your purchases for Christmas.

For Sale.

I will sell, at a bargain, 25 silver Spangled Hamburg Cockrels, not having room to keep them. They must be sold before Jan. 1st

44-1t ALFRED NELSON.

Found.

A small piece of p per money was found on Fourth street Owner can have same by calling at PRESS office, describing same.

Found.

Bunch of keys, with large store key attached, found near Chas. Diehl's store. Call at Diehl's store and pay 25c for this notice.

Christmas Entertainment.

The Methodist Episcopal Sunday School entertainment, "Santa's Success," will take place Christmas evening, under the direction of Mrs. Geo. Metzger, Jr

A fine assortment of plaids for dresses at Chas. Diehl's

C B Howard & Co., have received from the Pacific Coast what is perhaps the finest lot of RED CEDAR shingles that ever came to Cameron county.

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

H. H. MULLIN, Editor.

Published Every Thursday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Per year.....$2 00
If paid in advance..... 1 50

ADVERTISING RATES:

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year, or for six or three months, are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square three times or less, $2; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices 10 cents per line for one insertion; 5 cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, 10 cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business cards, five lines or less, $5 per year; over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising.

No local inserted for less than 75 cents per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO LAW PRINTING.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

The apple crop of the United States is figured at 36,000,000 barrels this year. But you will not suspect it if you go to the market to buy a peck.

One of Washington's body servants died at Alexandria, Va., a few days ago. As the years go by the fact is impressed upon us more and more that the list of Washington's body servants was very large.

The dusky warriors of Somaliland, Central Africa, when engaged in warfare, exist entirely on a species of nut, about twice the size of a walnut. Twenty of them are a day's rations for a warrior, and he eats them boiled.

A floating theater is in course of construction for service on the Rhine. A seating capacity of 2,500 is to be provided, and one of the chief attractions planned for this floating house of amusement is the engagement of an Italian opera company. It is proposed to tow the novel theater from town to town.

Queer things happen in the east, but even a world accustomed to oriental eccentricities was not prepared to believe it was really true that the sultan of Morocco has appointted Raisuli, the bandit, to the governorship of a province with the rank of pasha. That was the story which came from Morocco, but a Tangier correspondent of a Cologne newspaper puts in a denial. Such an incident might suggest a plot for a comic opera.

Commander Peary has the American quality of determination, at any rate. It is given out that he will make another attempt to reach the north pole. In his last venture he went within 200 miles or less of the much-sought spot, and it is generally believed that had his dogs held out he could have succeeded. Perhaps next time he will take all the dogs that can be utilized, either as draught animals or for food. The advantage of the arctic canine is that he can be used either way.

Caliph, the hippopotamus in the New York Central park zoo, was recently moved to winter quarters in the lion house, and has been sick ever since he has been living indoors. His keeper diagnosed it as acute idigestion, and Caliph received medical treatment in the shape of a bucket of castor oil. Like 99 per cent. of humanity, Caliph has an aversion to castor oil. A wedge of wood to pry open Caliph's mouth and a hand force pump overcame his aversion, and, before the crowd that filled the lion house, Head Keeper Snyder pumped in a whole bucketful of castor oil.

The president of Bryn Mawr college, Miss Thomas, says she places the hazer on the same plane with the person who hurts birds, tortures kittens or teases a baby. In welcoming the incoming class of 120 girls she said that the college had been free of those rougher forms of hazing which, unfortunately, had existed in sister colleges, such as putting the girls under the pump, standing on their heads and tearing off their clothes. But that these crude forms of hazing exist among the young lady students of America will surprise many. They should take lessons from West Point of the past or the Harvard of the present.

There is a curious old market near Paris in which everything is sold at second-hand. Working girls can fit themselves out there from head to foot. As a writer says: "Mary can sell her old felt hat and buy a straw one, exchange her old dress for a new one, and if she likes, buy a steak and a salad for her dinner, a paper bag of fried potatoes, sweets, and some flowers for her window. Democracy is king here, and no more attention is paid to the millionaire who is looking for something marvelous, which he may pick up cheap, than to the man with the wooden leg who wants a new left boot in exchange for a dozen sardine tins, fine gloves and a stocking."

An Indiana man has grown a fine crop of hair on a head that had been bald for 20 years by merely going about last summer without a hat. It must have been the psychologohcal moment, etc., with the Indiana man, for a lot of hair didn't grow on other bald heads that were left uncovered.

The production of gold in the mines of South Africa for the month of June was the greatest ever recorded. In the first six months of the current year the production was nearly $6,000,000 greater than in the corresponding time last year.

PRESIDENT TELLS OF CONDITIONS IN PORTO RICO

Special Message the Result of Chief Executive's Recent Visit.

MUCH GOOD WORK DONE

Progress Made Under American Administration Is Pointed to with Pride—Last Year the Most Prosperous the Island Has Ever Known—Congress Urged to Confer Full American Citizenship Upon the Porto Ricans—Would Have All Insular Governments Placed in One Bureau.

Washington.—President Roosevelt's message, describing conditions in Porto Rico, and making recommendations for legislation he believes necessary, was read to the congress. It is as follows:

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

On November 21 I visited the island of Porto Rico, landing at Ponce, crossing by the old Spanish road by Cayey to San Juan, and returning next morning over the new American road from Arecibo to Ponce; the scenery was wonderfully beautiful, especially among the mountains of the interior, which constitute a veritable tropic Switzerland. I could not embark at San Juan because the harbor has not been dredged out and can not receive an American battleship. I do not think this fact creditable to us as a nation, and I earnestly hope that immediate provision will be made for dredging San Juan harbor.

I doubt whether our people as a whole realize the beauty and fertility of Porto Rico, and the progress that has been made under its admirable government. We have just cause for pride in the character of our representatives who have administered the tropic islands which came under our flag as a result of the war with Spain; and of no one of them is this more true than of Porto Rico. It would be impossible to wish a more faithful, a more efficient and a more disinterested public service than that now being rendered in the island of Porto Rico by those in control of the insular government.

I stopped at a dozen towns all told, and one of the notable features in every town was the gathering of the school children. The work that has been done in Porto Rico for education has been noteworthy. The main emphasis, as is eminently wise and proper, has been put upon primary education; but in addition to this there is a normal school, and agricultural school, three industrial and three high schools. Every effort is being made to secure not only the benefits of elementary education to all the Porto Ricans of the next generation, but also as far as means will permit to train them so that the industrial, agricultural and commercial opportunities of the island can be utilized to the best possible advantage. It was evident at a glance that the teachers, both Americans and native Porto Ricans, were devoted to their work, took the greatest pride in it, and were endeavoring to train their pupils, not only in mind, but in what counts for far more than mind in citizenship, that is, in character.

I was very much struck by the excellent character both of the insular police and of the Porto Rican regiment. They are both of them bodies that reflect credit upon the American administration of the island. The insular police are under the local Porto Rican government. The Porto Rican regiment of troops must be appropriated for by the congress. I earnestly hope that this body will be kept permanent. There should certainly be troops in the island, and it is wise that these troops should be themselves native Porto Ricans. It would be from every standpoint a mistake not to perpetuate this regiment.

In traversing the island even the most cursory survey leaves the beholder struck with the evident rapid growth in the culture both of the sugar cane and tobacco. The fruit industry is also growing. Last year was the most prosperous year that the island has ever known before or since the American occupation. The total of exports and imports of the island was $45,000,000, as against $18,000,000 in 1901. This is the largest in the island's history. Prior to the American occupation the greatest trade for any one year was that of 1896, when it reached nearly $23,000,000. Last year, therefore, there was double the trade that there was in the most prosperous year under the Spanish regime. There were 210,273 tons of sugar exported last year, of the value of $14,186,319; $3,555,163 of tobacco, and 28,290,322 pounds of coffee of the value of $3,481,102. Unfortunately, what used to be Porto Rico's prime crop—coffee—has not shared this prosperity. It has never recovered from the disaster of the hurricane, and, moreover, the benefit of throwing open our market to it has not compensated for the loss inflicted by the closing of the markets to it abroad. I call your attention to the accompanying memorial on this supject of the board of trade of San Juan, and I earnestly hope that some measure will be taken for the benefit of the excellent and high grade Porto Rican coffee.

In addition to delegations from the board of trade and chamber of commerce of San Juan, I also received delegations from the Porto Rican Federation of Labor, and from the Coffee Growers' association.

There is a matter to which I wish to call your especial attention, and that is the desirability of conferring full American citizenship upon the people of Porto Rico. I most earnestly hope that this will be done. I can not see how any harm can possibly result from it, and it seems to me a matter of right and justice to the people of Porto Rico. They are loyal, they are glad to be under our flag, they are making rapid progress along the path of orderly liberty. Surely we should show our appreciation of them, our pride in what they have done, and our pleasure in extending recognition for what has thus been done, by granting them full American citizenship.

Under the wise administration of the present governor and council, marked progress has been made in the difficult matter of granting to the people of the island the largest measure of self-government that can with safety be given at the present time. It would have been a very serious mistake to have gone any faster than we have already gone in this direction. The Porto Ricans have complete and absolute autonomy in all their municipal governments, the only power over them possessed by the insular government being that of removing corrupt or incompetent municipal officials. This power has never been exercised save on the clearest proof of corruption or of incompetence—such as to jeopardize the interests of the people of the island; and under such circumstances it has been fearlessly used to the immense benefit of the people. It is not a power with which it would be safe, for the sake of the island itself, to dispense at present. The lower house is absolutely elective, while the upper house is appointive. This scheme is working well; no injustice of any kind results from it, and great benefit to the island, and it should certainly not be changed at this time. The machinery of the elections is administered entirely by the Porto Rican people themselves, the governor and council keeping only such supervision as is necessary in order to insure an orderly election. Any protest as to electoral frauds is settled in the courts. Here again it would not be safe to make any change in the present system. The elections this year were absolutely orderly, unaccompanied by any disturbance; and no protest has been made against the management of the elections, although three contests are threatened where the majorities were very small and error was claimed; the contests, of course, to be settled in the courts. In short, the governor and council are cooperating with all of the most enlightened and most patriotic of the people of Porto Rico in educating the citizens of the island in the principles of orderly liberty. They are providing a government based upon each citizen's self-respect, and the mutual respect of all citizens; that is, based upon a rigid observance of the principles of justice and honesty. It has not been easy to instill into the minds of people unaccustomed to the exercise of freedom the two basic principles of our American system; the principle that the majority must rule, and the principle that the minority has rights which must not be disregarded or trampled upon. Yet real progress has been made in having these principles accepted as elementary, as the foundations of successful self-government.

I transmit herewith the report of the governor of Porto Rico, sent to the president through the secretary of state.

All the insular governments should be placed in one bureau, either in the department of war or the department of state. It is a mistake not so to arrange our handling of these islands at Washington as to be able to take advantage of the experience gained in one, when dealing with the problems that from time to time arise in another.

In conclusion let me express my admiration for the work done by the congress when it enacted the law under which the island is now being administered. After seeing the island personally, and after five years' experience in connection with its administration, it is but fair to those who devised this law to say that it would be well-nigh impossible to have devised any other which in the actual working would have accomplished better results. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The White House, Dec. 11, 1906.

Aristocratic French Cabman.

One of the vicissitudes of life has been revealed by the death of an old cabman at St. Germain-en-Laye, France. It transpires that the unfortunate old fellow was entitled to style himself the marquis de Loz de Gouet-Gouraud. It is an old Spanish peerage and in his earlier days the last unfortunate holder of the title had lived in circumstances befitting his rank. But the latter part of his life was clouded by constant misfortune and at last, two years ago, poverty compelled him in his old age to take to driving a cab to eke out a wretched existence.

Bound to Keep Boys Busy.

The Burgess Hill (England) group of council school managers, not being allowed to encourage rifle shooting among the boys, have decided to seek consent of the East Sussex education authority to give instruction in gardening.

COAL FAMINE

In the Northwest Is the Worst Ever Known.

FARMERS SUFFER.

They are Burning Sheds and Outhouses—Governors of States are Asked to Give Aid.

Minneapolis, Minn.—With the cold wave signal flying, the coal shortage in the northwest becomes not only a cause of severe suffering, but an absolute menace to human life.

Glenburn, N. D., is seriously considering an appeal to the governors of North Dakota and Minnesota to employ the state military in forcing the moving of coal trains. Eveleth, Minn., faces darkness and suffering through deprivation of coal and apprehensive reports come from numerous other places.

The Glenburn situation is summed up in a statement from the Glenburn Commercial club as follows:

"The situation all through this section is desperate and with the liability of blizzards at any time, many may freeze to death if fuel is not available soon. Farmers are already coming to town with reports of burning sheds and other outhouses for fuel. We have notified the farmers that if the worst comes they can bring their families and bedding and camp in our new brick school house. We have sufficient coal to heat the building for three months at least and it will go farther in this way than it would if distributed among those who are out of coal, as it would not make a bushel each.

"We will also wire our senators at Washington asking them to intercede with the federal government. We cannot put our words strong enough to convey to you the importance of getting railroads to haul special trains of coal into the section that is suffering. Lignite is unavailable, as the same handicap is met there. We telephoned the Burlington mines and asked if they could not let us have five cars if we sent men there to load them. They replied they were 60 cars or more back in orders and could not obtain cars to load. Farmers cannot go to the mines and haul more than 1,000 to 1,500 pounds, as roads are almost impassable."

TRIAL BY COURT-MARTIAL.

It Is Ordered for Two Officers Who Were in Command of Negro Troops at Brownsville, Tex.

Washington, D. C.—On the recommendation of the general staff the secretary of war has ordered the trial by court-martial of Maj. Charles W. Penrose and Capt. Edgar A. Macklin, of Company C, West battalion, Twenty-fifth infantry, under the 62d article of war "for conduct to the prejudice of good order and discipline," in failing in their duty in preventing and suppressing the riot at Brownsville, Tex., last August.

The specifications will include among other things the charge that the two officers named failed to exercise due diligence in preventing the occurrence when the condition of affairs at Brownsville made it necessary that all proper precautions should be taken to prevent a clash between the troops and citizens; and also that they did not examine the rifles of the men until daylight, although they learned the true state of affairs by 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning.

A BUSINESS BULLETIN.

Evidences of Prosperity are Found in Scarcity of Labor, Money and Railroad Facilities.

New York.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

Holiday trade monopolizes attention, although there is a steady gain in distribution of winter goods as the temperature becomes more seasonable. Some irregularity is noted in collections, attributed to high money rates and failure to market the crops. This would make the one adverse feature of the commercial situation indirectly due to the three most striking evidences of national prosperity, scarcity of men, money and railway facilities.

The inadequate supply of labor is attested by numerous increases in wages at textile mills and in many other occupations.

Congress.

Washington.—On the 14th the house passed the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill, with an amendment increasing the salaries of the vice president, members of the cabinet and speaker of the house of representatives to $12,000 a year. The senate was not in session.

Trainmen's Demands are Granted.

Scranton, Pa. — The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad announces that the demands of the conductors and trainmen have been satisfactorily adjusted. These employes are given liberal wage advances and a ten-hour day.

Standard Oil Co. Advances Wages.

New York.—The Standard Oil Co. announced on Friday that it will advance the wages of all of its employes now receiving less than $100 a month by 10 per cent., beginning January 1.

HE CARRIED THE SAMPLES.

A certain York county preacher for a long time had been dosing himself with a fiery concoction prescribed for some stomach trouble. One day while dining at a hotel he treated himself, as usual, to the regulation heroic dose. An inquisitive Boston drummer on his right hand inquired the reason for taking the medicine. The preacher explained his stomach difficulty, and the benefits of his treatment, and the drummer, who was himself subject to indigestion, then related his own symptoms and politely requested the privilege of trying the remedy. The sympathetic preacher freely gave him a very generous dose, which speedily took effect.

As soon as the traveling man recovered his breath and wiped his tears he thus accosted the minister:

"I understand that you are a preacher?"

"I am, sir."

"Do you preach hell-fire?"

"I do, sir."

"Well, you are the first preacher that I ever saw who carried 'round samples of it."—Boston Herald.

QUITE NATURAL.

The Maiden—What do you do when you fall in love with a girl?

The Poet—I run to meter.—Philadelphia Press.

In Eagle Eye.

"Your citizens don't object to big automobiles passing through this settlement, do they?" asked the nervous chauffeur.

"Wal, I should say not," chuckled the big mayor. "It is great sport."

"Ah, I am glad that you think so."

"Yes, we would rather shoot an automobile any day than we would a common b'ar."—Chicago Daily News.

His Object.

"How long yer been fishin'?"

"All day."

"Catch anything?"

"Nope."

"Any bites?"

"Nope."

"What yer fishin' for, then?"

"Fishin'."—Life.

Asked One Favor.

"I'll give you the keys to the house and show you where the valuables are kept if you will only do me one favor," she said to the burglar.

"And what is that?"

"Remove th' gas meter."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Making Up for Lost Time.

"Why in the name of goodness," exclaimed his friend, "do you keep taking out your watch? Have you a train to catch?"

"Eh? Oh, no!" he said. "No, the fact is I haven't seen it for a long time."

Why He Invested.

"I've just bought a carload uv fertilizer," said Farmer Geehaw.

"Fer th' land's sake!" exclaimed Mrs. G——.

"Yaas, that's what I bought it fer," replied the old granger.—Chicago Daily News.

Shifted Responsibility.

"You don't realize that there are other considerations in life than money," said the censorious friend.

"Yes, I do," answered Senator Sorghum. "But whenever I want anything done I can't get the other fellow to realize it."—Washington Star.

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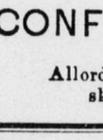

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ALONE AT CHRISTMASTIME

By S. BARING-GOULD

Is there—can there be—a man more lonely than one returned from a far country, who has been out of his home land for 20 years, and comes back when his parents are dead, his old friends dispersed, and the old nest has passed to other occupants? And can his loneliness be more emphasized than when his return syncronizes with Christmas?

That was my condition when I revisited the mother country. With a beating heart and straining eyes I had looked for the first sight of dear old America after having left it as a lad, hardly a man, some 20 years ago.

I was back—not to home—I had no home now. My heart began to fail me, my spirits decline, when I reached the little country town near which I had been born, and where I had fleeted the golden hours of childhood. No one knew me. In the churchyard I laid a wreath on the graves where lay dear old father and mother. I looked at our house. It had been rebuilt and was occupied by strangers.

"You Are Very Good."

I went through the village. The little shops had fresh names over them. The old rector who had baptized me was dead. The old school was gone. The ancient church had been renovated. The village inn was in new hands. The old Christmas was no more. No frost, no snow, no icicles; only sludge and a drizzling rain.

I returned from my visit to the village in deep depression. I would haste to the rooms I had taken in a house in the town, and spend my Christmas Eve with my pipe and glass—alone, with not even an old dog to lie at my feet and look up with speaking eyes into my face and sympathize with me in my solitude. I would pass the evening before the fire, looking into the red coals, not building castles among them, but watching the tumbling down of old cottages, old farms, old reminiscences, into ash.

I had done well in the other land, and had returned, not a rich man, but with a competence.

It had been my wish, my ambition, to settle in the village about which clung all my sweetest and holiest thoughts; to buy there a little land, to tread the old paths, ramble in the same woods, look upon the same scenes, dwell among the same people, re-make a home in the same place. But now—? Could it be?

As I walked back to my lodgings, through the street and by the market place, folk were hurrying in all directions, some with bunches of holly in their hands, a girl or two with a sprig of mistletoe slyly hid in her muff, a man wheeling a Christmas tree on a barrow, butchers' boys carrying joints for the morrow's dinner. Plum puddings and mince pies were displayed in the confectioners' shops. The chemist, the hairdresser, the seedsman, the draper had stuffed their windows with toys, toys, toys. He who had come to earth as a little child had filled every heart with thought of the little ones, and desire to make Christmas a day of joy to them. I had no tiny ones of my own, no little nieces and nephews, no small cousins for whom to provide anything. I was alone—utterly, desolately alone.

As I pursued my way I saw a tall, slim girl walking before me with a basket on her arm, and I noticed that the bottom had come out, and that the contents fell on the pavement. Of this she was unaware. I stooped and picked up a little woolly lamb, then—a something wrapped in paper—then a silver match box breaking out of its covering.

Gathering them together, I ran after the girl and stopped her.

"Excuse me," said I. "Are you a female Hop o' my Thumb, dropping tokens whereby your track my be known?"

I showed her what I had collected. She colored and thanked me. Then I recognized her as the daughter of my landlady.

"You must allow me," said I, "to tie my handkerchief round the basket, and to carry it for you. I believe that we go the same way."

"You are very good," she replied. "We are about to have a Christmas tree for the children this evening, "and I have been making some trifling purchases as presents for my brothers and sisters, and for papa and mamma, who must not be forgotten."

"There go the candles!" I exclaimed, as a cataract of red, yellow and green tapers shot out of the basket.

"And there's an orange!" said she, as one of these fruit bounced forth and fell, and rolled away into the gutter.

We were forced to stoop and collect the scattered wax lights, and then to tie my large handkerchief about the basket.

"What a fortunate thing," said I, "that I have got a good sized 'kerchief in place of one of the miserable little rags that do service nowadays. That is, because I cling to old customs, and when I was a boy my mother always gave me something like a dishcloth in my pocket."

Then we proceeded on our way, and when we went into the house, she received the basket from me, and again thanked me. "You must not remove the 'kerchief till all is unpacked," I said, "or there will be another discharge of the contents, and then the children will see what you have provided for them."

"Shall you be dining out to-morrow?" asked the girl.

"I—oh, no! I have none to dine with. I know no one here."

"And this evening. Shall you be going anywhere?"

"I—oh, no! I have nowhere whither to go."

So we parted, and I ascended to my room. I made up the fire, and sat down and reread the newspaper. There was much in it about the approaching feast. I had the illustrated papers. They had issued Christmas supplements, with pictures of happy family gatherings, of Old Father Christmas, of waits and carol singers. I might perhaps hear the waits and singers. I should certainly hear the Christmas bells. That would be all.

I had done with my papers. I sat before the fire in a brown study, and my spirits sank lower and ever lower. I recalled the old Christmases I had spent at home with my parents. I remembered how I had looked into my stockings on the morning to see if Old Father Christmas had visited me in the night and had left there some presents for the Good Boy.

Alas! No Father Christmas would visit me now. All that was of the past—the utterly and irrevocably past.

I did not light my candles. I could read no more. I needed no light for my thoughts, they were too dark to be illumined thus.

As I stood thus musing, I heard a tap at my door, and shouted: "Come in!" There ensued delay, and I called again: "Come in!"

Then the door opened and I saw some little heads outside, with golden curls and flushed cheeks, and a child's voice said: "Please, Mr. What's-your-name, will you come to our tree downstairs?"

"I!—I!"

As I hesitated, the child said: "Please—Annie told us to ask you."

And then I saw the tall girl whom I had assisted draw back into the dark behind them.

"Most certainly I will, as you are so kind as to invite me."

So I descended, and there were my landlord and landlady, radiant with happiness, and the five children danced before me and said: "He is come; is it not nice!" Behind, presently, entered Annie, somewhat shyly, and pretending she had come from the kitchen.

I was witness of the delight of the little ones over their presents—the

I Saw the Tall Girl.

woolly lamb, a small cart, a cannon, a doll—the father over a pair of warm stockings of Annie's knitting, the mother over a shawl, also of her work; and I stood smiling and happy, when up sprang one of the children and plucked from the tree the silver match box.

"This," said the child, "is for Mr. What's-his-name. Sister Annie said it was for him."

I was moved more than I can say. So—some had been thinking of me, though I was only a lodger.

"Look here, sir!" said the father, "you're a stranger in the country, and at such a time as this there must be no strangers. You must really sup with us, and dine also with us tomorrow. I can promise you a good dinner, for it is of Annie's making."

All was changed. I was a stranger and they took me in; I was lonely and they made of me a friend.

Christmas day, 10:30 p. m.

I returned to my room upstairs, made up the fire, and seated myself before it. I had spent a very pleasant day, and a pleasant evening before that. I did not now feel so discouraged, so hopeless. That was a nice family, very friendly and considerate. And I began to build in the fire. I no longer saw only ruins. I saw, as it were, a pleasant home rise out of the coals, and a pleasing face looked up at me out of them—very much like that of Annie. Ah! if the old home was gone, might I not build one that would be new. I need no longer live in the past, but look to the future, and next Christmas, please God—I would not be alone, that is if Annie—but I cannot say—will consent to put an end to my loneliness and help in building up a future.

Of Interest to Stockholders.

Jaspar—I hear that Santa Claus has given up his yearly rounds.

Jumpuppe—You don't tell me!

Jaspar—Yes. He has accepted a regular position on the "Salaries Committees" of various big corporations.—Town Topics.

Christmas is the supreme season of happiness for children. Their brains are filled with the beautiful imaginations of the good deeds of old Santa Claus. Many of them receive their first strong impressions in discriminating between good and wrong, and the rewards for the former and the punishments for the latter.

The festive character of Christmas being undeniable, nothing can or could be more pleasing to the children and more strictly in accordance with the spirit of the day than a house party.

The day should begin for the child with the finding of his stockings filled with presents, which on the previous evening were hung on the bed post. This pretty custom should be encouraged until the wonderful travels and kindnesses of Santa Claus are looked upon with doubt by the recipient of his bounty.

The children should gather about the Christmas tree as presents are distributed. Of course if the father wants to impersonate Santa Claus so much the better. His appearance will be appreciated by the youngest and cannot be resented by the more experienced ones of 12 or 13 years.

Here are some suggestions in games. With a sympathetic person assisting the little folks, there should be plenty of fun.

"Whose Are the Eyes?"

"Whose Are the Eyes?" which has attained great popularity, dimly suggests the Vehmericht, the secret tribunal of old Westphalia, in which the judges sat closely cowled and with their faces invisible. The game, however, is all mirth. Two of those that take part in it are seated side by side. Over the head of each is placed an outstretched newspaper. In this paper two holes are cut. The paper conceals the head of each of the players beneath and only the eyes are visible through the eye holes. The object of the game is for the rest of the players to guess the ownership of the eyes as they see them by holding a candle close to them.

"Blow Out the Candle."

About as popular as this game is "Blow Out the Candle." One of the party is sent from the room. He or she returns blindfolded. A candle burns in the room, around which the other merrymakers are gathered. The blindfolded player must advance to the candle and blow it out.

It looks easy, but it isn't. The thickness of the blind is so dense that the light of the candle cannot be seen through it and in most cases the puff which should extinguish the candle is directed in the most absurd places.

"Blind Man's Buff."

If there is a person who has never played this game, he will undoubtedly seek to conceal the fact. The old can join with the young, and what could cause more merriment that to see uncle bump his knee against the table or mistake Aunt Jane for grandma?

"The Bobbing Apple."

This is delight pure and simple. Hang an apple from the ceiling and offer a small prize to the one who is able to grasp it with the teeth without fingering it in any way. Let each child try in turn.

"Musical Chair."

This is considered great by the young, especially if there is a good lively player at the piano. Arrange the chairs in a row, having one less than the number of players. When the music suddenly stops each will make an effort to seat himself, but one must be disappointed.

"Charades."

The description of charades should have been left for the last, because it affords a true climax. Lucky are the children who can go rummaging and have in store for the party a whole lot of old clothes with which to impersonate the familiar home figures. This game requires an intelligent person to oversee it, and the children should enter into it with much seriousness, which gives an added charm to it. It is great fun to see a little follow come in wearing an old hat and shawl of his mamma's or a little girl clothed in a large vest with a silk hat pulled down over her ears.

Planning for the older guests on Christmas day should be guided by the aim to have them forget that they are old. To say the least, it is bad form to do and act in such a manner as to continually remind some old grandma that she is nearing the end of her course, when she might be doing her level best to forget it.

Games Are Old as Guests.

Of course, many of the older guests will indulge in cards, chess or checkers, while others will find their greatest pleasure in assisting the children. But for those that really want to play games in which all can join try these and don't be surprised if one of your guests remarks:

"Why, I played that game when I was a child."

Rather expect it—for very little in the celebration of Christmas is new.

Game of Plum Pudding."

This game has been played for years in this country under many names, but as near as can be learned the above name is proper.

A round piece of wood or a tin pan is provided and titled "Plum Pudding." The company proceed to choose partners by fixing upon two generals, Gen. Kettle and Gen. Pot.

These officers then commence choosing alternately soldiers from among the company, performing the ceremony of conferring title with some unique speech. Kisses might do in place of words when the soldier is a woman.

The titles should be confined to names familiar in the culinary art, as Lieut. Gen. Duck or Carver, Maj. Gen. Muffin or Fork, Col. Coffee Pot or Carrot, Maj. Corkscrew or Ladle, and Private Potato or Peach, and so forth until all the players have been chosen.

The game begins with Gen. Kettle, who takes the "Plum Pudding" (the plate) between his finger and thumb, ready for spinning on the table or floor, and commences his narrative thus:

"As I was sitting on the fire this morning, sputtering with rage at having no enemy to boil, who should come along in a bag and string but old Plum Pudding. The moment he caught sight of me he ran off, I after him. When turning around a corner I saw Maj. Corkscrew—"

At this word Gen. Kettle spins the "Plum Pudding," which it is Maj. Corkscrew's duty to keep up and continue the story until he mentions "Plum Pudding" and the assumed name of another player.

Forfeits are exigible for letting the "Plum Pudding" fall, for speaking of yourself as a human being and for failing to continue the story properly, as by failing in the narrative by calling an enemy by a wrong title.

When enough forfeits have been collected penalties are then imposed by the two generals, the performance of which is required before the forfeit is returned.

In no other city in America is Christmas celebrated in so many different ways as in Washington, for at Washington are gathered the official representatives of every land—Christian as well as pagan—and in the embassies and legations the holiday is celebrated according to the custom in vogue in the countries having representatives there.

So it is that the celebration there is international as well as national in character. Quaint customs, indeed, prevail in the diplomatic corps. In one house you will find Christians commemorating the birth of the Saviour, while in a house across the street a pagan brother from the orient is celebrating an entirely different day, for an entirely different occasion.

Pursuant to a long-established custom, ambassadors and minister plenipotentiaries entertain their official staffs at Christmas, inviting, also, such other friends as they may desire to have visit the legation at that time.

Probably the ambassador from Italy and his wife are the most gracious hosts of any of the foreigners at Washington, and their guests at Christmas time are always welcomed around the Yule log, which burns brightly in the open fireplace. A large urn full of gifts is placed on a table and visitors have great sport getting their presents from out the vast pile.

Germany is the home of the Christmas tree and Kris Kringle. It is, therefore, appropriate that at the kaiser's embassy the most cosmopolitan Christmas should be celebrated—the custom of the "Faderlandt" blended with those of the Baroness von Sternberg's "old Kentucky Home."

The family of Senor Casasus, the brilliant Mexican ambassador at Washington, is a happy one, and all of its members join heartily in their native way of celebrating the "Posada." At half past seven on Christmas eve they assemble in a room ornamented with representations of saints and angels, the Virgin Mary and Joseph, the wise men from the east, shepherds, sheep and oxen. The presents are previously placed on a great earthen swan in the center of the room, and as the young people fall in line and march around the swan, each gives it a blow with a small stick until the bird is broken. Then the fun begins—a scramble for the gifts ensues, followed by games and the usual merrymaking.

An American hostess presides over the embassy where floats the tri-colored flag, and joins her welcome with that of her distinguished husband, the French ambassador. Here, again, we find the Yule log burning, and in its glow the Bethlehem manger is represented. Built on a table in the living room, it remains for two weeks of "Noel," a gentle reminder of the sacred meaning of Christmas.

At the Russian embassy, a few blocks distant from the French, Mlle. Rosen, the school girl daughter of the czar's ambassador, presides over the Christmas celebration.

Dreams had on that night are supposed to come to pass, and from the Russian standpoint, unlucky is the girl who has no dream to relate while preparing her morning toilet. Early service is attended in the embassy chapel (there is no Greek church in Washington), and then fortune telling games are in order.

The children of the Peruvian legation at Washington will celebrate their Christmas around a "Grotto of th Nativity" in miniature, instead of around the proverbial Christmas tree. This grotto will be surrounded by pots of nourishers of various sizes, with growing plants of different grains, while the gifts will be arranged in and around the whole. These presents are always selected with the greatest care, the object being to have them indicate the progress of the world since the birth of the Christ-child.

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Cameron County Press.

ESTABLISHED BY C. B. GOULD.

HENRY H. MULLIN,

Editor and Manager.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Per year.....$2 00
If paid in advance.....$1 50

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year or for six or three months are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, $2 00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices ten cents per line for one insertion, five cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, ten cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business Cards, five lines or less, $5.00 per year over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising

No local inserted for less than 75 cts. per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete, and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO LAW Printing.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

☞ No advertisements will be accepted at less than the price for fifteen words.

☞ Religious notices free.

STERLING RUN.

The schools closed here on Tuesday for vacation.

William Wade is home visiting his parents.

J. A. Dice our ticket agent, started for New York City Sunday evening. He expects to buy some new music.

Frank Barr has sold his place on Huston Hill and expects to move to Sterling soon.

James Summerson is filling Mr. Dice's place during his absence as ticket agent.

We were glad to hear from the "Has Been's" last week. Would like to hear from them often.

The "Onlys" are not the only pebbles on the beach in Sterling, but may be in Williamsport.

The M. E. Sunday School will have a Christmas tree in M. E. Church, Monday evening, Dec. 24th.

Here's to our Christmas, may it bring us good cheer!
May the joy of this Christmas reach all, far and near,
May the message of Christmas to all hearts be cheer;
May it soothe the every sorrow and dry every tear,
May it bind closer to us each soul that is dear.
And the spirit of Christmas last all through the year.

BLUE BELL.

HUNTLEY.

A. W. Smith and sister, Mrs. E. A. Summerson, of Wylie Hollow, attended church at Huntley Sunday.

Mrs. J. F. Sullivan called on Mrs Summerson at the "camp," Friday evening.

Anna Helmbreicht, who has been teaching school here, was taken to her home the latter part of the week, on account of continued ill health.

Pennsy Fireman R. L. Smith, of Renovo, is spending a few days with his parents.

Levi Smith has finished threshing for Ed. Schwab, of Hunts Run.

W. W. Johnson was a Driftwood caller Saturday.

A. T. Smith is visiting relatives in Berwick, Pa.

Mrs. A. H. Jordan of Grove Hill spent Sunday with friends in town.

Some parties stole 200 pounds of feed from W. H. Logue and 100 pounds from Harry Teats last Thursday night, from the P. R. R., freight station.

Everett Barr, of Sterling Run, was a pleasant caller in town Friday.

Jesse Johnson was a business caller in Emporium Saturday.

Beatice Maude, the twelve months old daughter of Samuel Smith and wife, died at Ridgway Saturday morning, Dec. 15th. at 3:30 a. m., after a two week's illness. Her death was caused by pneumonia. The funeral was held Monday at Huntley, Monday, Dec. 17th. from the Huntley church, the Rev. Miss Etta Heyward officiating. Mr. Smith is one of the oldest of the P. R. R. firemen along this line and his many friends extend sincere sympathy to them in their great sorrow.

The many friends of Roy Logue will be glad to learn that he has received his new artificial leg and is able to get around in very good shape.

Wesley Barr is still on the watch for that bear that is creating disturbance around A. W Smith's camp but as yet he has not met with success. Wesley says that if he don't soon get him he will send for Isaac Wykoff, of Cameron, to come down and get him. It is needless to add the bear is "all in" if Isaac hits the trail.

Have you W. R. Smith's condition powders? They drive awey the bluce and make the old young again. Offies open evenings.

J. F. S.

It is noticeable a cold seldom comes on when the bowels are freely open. Neither can it stay if they are open. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup tastes as pleasant as maple sugar Free from all opiates. Contains Honey and Tar. Conforms to the National Pure Food and Drug Law. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

The prettiest and dainties, dishes at Chas. Diehl's.

CAMERON.

The many friends of Mrs. Killeen will be glad to learn that she is much better.

A. Handy, of York state, is visiting his daughter Mrs. J. E. Lester.

Quite a number of out of town people attended the dance last Friday evening.

Mrs. D. Sullivan, Jr., arrived from Dunlevie, W. Va.. Saturday and left Sunday evening for St. Marys, where she expects to stay this winter.

The new Union church and school house at Canoe Run was started building last Saturday.

James Leonard, spent Sunday with his family, returning to Huntley Sunday evening where he is employed by B. J. Collins.

Ruth Sullivan, of Huntley, visited among friends in town Monday.

Robert Royd, spent Sunday with friends and relatives here.

Mina Reed, Emporium, visited friends in town Sunday.

Mrs. John Schwab, visited in Sterling Run Saturday.

The Emporium visitors for the week were: Mesdames. C. H. Johnson, E. D. Krape, Wm. Greenalch, Dan Sullivan, Sr., Wm. Nunn; Misses Edwards, J. Robinson, F. Schwab; Messrs. Wm. Kirk, R. D. Graham, A. F. Walker, Wm. Wykoff, D. C. Lininger, J. Robinson, Geo. Graham, John Schwab.

The large engine used at the top of the tipple at the new coal mines near Canoe Run, ran away last Thursday, almost completely demolishing itself, also doing a good deal of damage to the tracks

The first meeting of the Cameron Athletic Club was held at the rooms in the Waldorf Block, Saturday night. A good audience was present, among whom were several prominent people from out of town. Trainer Sammel Barr, of Sterling Run, announced a six round bout between Allie Lerd and Frank Kepnor. Sammy said both men were in the pink of condition. Referee Greenrich called "time" and the fight was on. Honors were about even until the sixth round when Referee Greenalch stopped the contest and gave the decision to Kepner as he outpointed Lord and finish fights are not permitteed in the Borough limits. However every one wilt say that Frank Kepnner is a coming light in the pugilistic world. Allie Lord is not at all slow. but says he will not go out of his class again.

J. F. S.

SINNAMAHONING.

Elmer Smith visited the county seat Wednesday.

Boyd Lucas, of Hix Run, was in town Tuesday.

Bertha Bennet visited friends at Emporium Wednesday.

Jas. Philips, of Austin, was in town Wednesday.

O. L. Bailey visited county seat on business Wednesday.

Daniel Daugherty and Chas. Clontz visited Emporium on business Saturday.

Lieut. D. W. Taggart Post, No. 241, will hold their election of officers in P. O. S. of A. Hall, at Sinnamahoning, on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 22, at 4:00 p. m. All comrades are requested to be present.

Camp No. 122 P. O. of A., will hold their election of officer, Tuesday evening, the 18th.

W. L. Barclay, of Laquin was in town Saturday.

Quite a large delegation of Masons attended the banquet held at Driftwood, Friday night.

A. B. Beldin went to Virginia.

Wescot Burlingame, of Austin, was in town Monday.

Tuesday was pay day on the B. S. R. R.

The bear hunters have returned from their annual hunt and report one porcupine and a bear's track.

Jos. Mead has given up his wood job and gone to trapping.

Jas. D. Council left Sunday for Eastman's Business College at Poughkepsia, N. Y., to attend school this term.

Pap Berfield has greased the old muzzle loading rifle and purchased a special Winchester.

DEBSE.

The Pope Comments.

ROME, Dec. 17.—The Pope is rejoicing that the happenings in France are not so serious as had been feared. He expressed the hope that the good sense of the French people would end in their finding a way to triumph over the present difficulties.

The pontiff received Cardinal Satolli, who was former papal delegate in the United States. The cardinal explained the situation with regard to Catholicism in the United States, saying the benevolent attitude of the states toward religion resulted in the complete and dignified liberty of the church.

"That," explained the pope, "is really a regime of progress."

Bohemian Ware.

This charming gold decorated line of glass is finding great favor this year, and certainly make beautiful and acceptable presents.

It is a sort of compromise between cut glass and hand painted china and works in beautifully with both.

The new tinted decorations are very artistic and the large assortment at Metzger's will enable any one to be suited. By the way if you haven't been through Metzger's store lately you have missed a treat and will be astonished at the splendid line he has. It will be well worth your time even if you do not want to buy a thing and he will be just as glad to see you.

A man with a sprained ankle will use a crutch, rest the ankle and let it get well. A man or woman with an overworked stomach can't use a crutch, but the stomach must have rest just the same. It can be rested too without starvation. Kodol will do it. Kodol performs the digestive work of the tired stomach and corrects the digestive apparatus. Kodol fully conforms to the provisions of the National Pure Food and Drug Laws. Recommended and sold by R. C. Dodson.

Open the bowels and get the cold out of your system. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup opens the bowels and at the same time allays the inflammation of the mucous membranes. Contains Honey and Tar. Drives out the cold and stops the cough. Absolutely free from any opiates. Conforms to the National Pure Food and Drug Law. Pleasant to take. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

In Praise of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

There is no other medicine manufactured that has received so much praise and so many expressions of gratitude as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is effective, and prompt relief follows its use. Grateful parents everywhere do not hesitate to testify to its merit for the benefit of others. It is a certain cure for croup and will prevent the attack if given at the first appearance of the disease. It is especially adapted to children as it is pleasant to take and contains nothing injurious. E. A. Humphreys, well known resident and clerk in the store of Mr. E. Lock, of Alice, Cape Colony, South Africa, syas: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to ward off croup and colds in my family. I found it to be very satisfactory and it gives me pleasure to recommend it." For sale by L. Taggart; J. E. Smith Sterling Run; Crum Bros.. Sinnamahoning.

For Sale.

New American Encyclopaedia, five volumes, will be sold at a bargain. I paid for the set, which are in the original papers, $35.00, but will let them go for $15.00. Enquire at City Hotel during evenings.

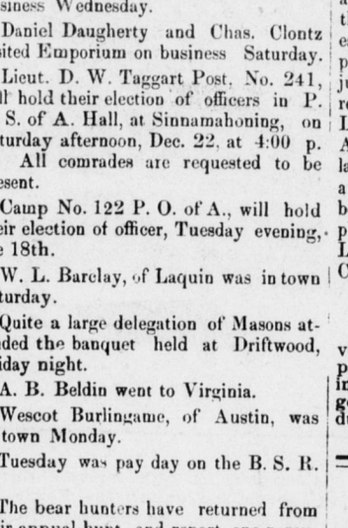
43-tf. E. L. MASON.

Administrator's Notice.

Estate of John W. Kriner Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters testamentary have been issued to the undersigned as Administrator of the Estate of John W. Kriner, late of Emporium, Pa., deceased. All persons having claims against said Estate are requested to present same duly authenticated and all persons indebted to said Estate must settle.

HENRY H. NISSLEY, Administrator.
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 18, 1906. 44-6t.



Just a Word About the "Economy"

A GREAT GAS SAVER

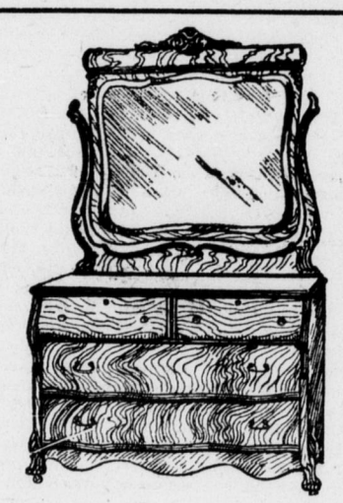
Guaranteed to give Satisfaction

We have a large and up-to-date stock of Blankets Stoves and Ranges, Granite Ware and everything in Hardware.

$40.00 Hard Coal Heating Stove, good as new for $15.00

STEPHENS & SAUNDERS.

Holiday Sale Now On.



Distribution of good Furniture makes prices such as this community never heard of. Every piece of furniture effected and all contributiug values of intense interest to make this the

Greatest Sale of Furniture in the History of This Store

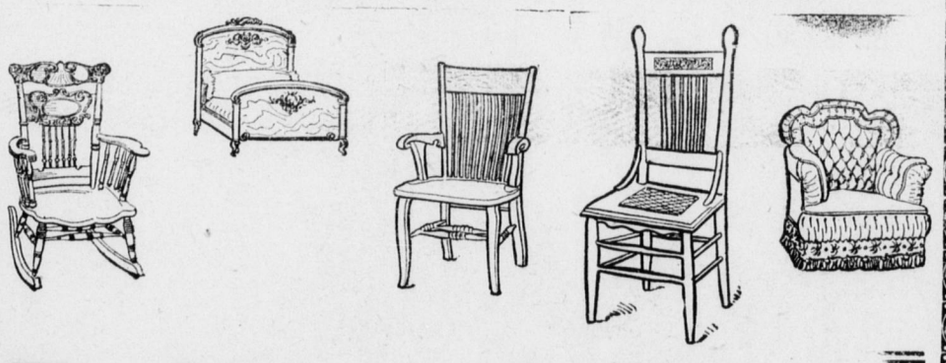
There is interest and profit for you in every inch of this mammoth establishment. Nowhere will the wide awake holiday shopper find such grand assortments of Furniture, especially adapted to the need of Christmas givers as here. Nowhere will you find prices based on a level as uniformly low as here.

This house is strong in every featue which help and protect our customers. It is strong in character, strong in stocks and has and will con- to make lowest prices without exception.

New Furniture for gay Holiday buyers. Our present stock must be lowered before the New Year.

Every piece included in this movement is especially adapted as suitable Xmas gifts. Bear in mind that the reductions are from our regular prices, which were originally from 25 to 50% less than the closest competitor charges.

Visit our warerooms and you will be delighted with our productions and astonished at the low prices we ask for them.



The Emporium Furniture Co.

UNDERTAKING A SPECIALTY.

EMPORIUM
MILLING COMPANY.

PRICE LIST.

Emporium, Pa., November 27, 1906.

NEMOPHILA, per sack	$1 15
Felt's Fancy, "	1 35
Pet Grove, "	1 35
Graham, "	60
Rye "	60
Buckwheat, "	75
Patent Meal, "	50
Coarse Meal, per 100,	1 20
Chop Feed, "	1 20
Middlings,	1 45
Middlings, Fancy "	1 50
Bran,	1 30
Chicken Wheat	1 55
Chicken Wheat No. 2,	1 40
Corn per bushel,	67
White Oats, per bushel,	46
Oyster Shells, per 100	
Choice Clover Seed,	At Market Price
Choice Timothy Seed,	At Market Price
Choice Millet Seed,	At Market Price

R. C. DODSON,

—THE—

Druggist,

EMPORIUM, PA.

IS LOCATED IN THE CORNER STORE

At Fourth and Chestnut Sts..

R. C. DODSON.

Telephone, 19-2.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Contributions invited. That which you would like to see in this department, let us know by postal card or letter, personally.

Mrs. Wm. Garrity is visiting her sons, Ray and Fred, in Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Fritz are occupying Mrs. E. M. Herteau's residence on Fourth street.

Miss Minnie Barr, of Renovo, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. Rousseau, at this place.

Miss Anna Garrity went to St. Marys Monday to spend Christmas with her sisters at that place.

Misses Alice Montgomery, Encie Howard and Mazie Gallagher were PRESS callers on Tuesday.

Misses Blanch and Elizabeth Ludlam leave New Years eve for a ten days visit to friends in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lyons have moved from the Tulis block to the Davison property on Allegheny Ave.

Mr. Mark E. Gilbert, student at Buffalo University, is spending the holiday season guest of his brother W. G. Gilbert.

Miss Josephine Murphy, of Pittsburg, is visiting her uncle, Mr. Michael Murphy and family at the Commercial Hotel.

Misses Anna Edwards and Rose Pye, two pleasant Sixth street young ladies were agreeable PRESS visitors on Friday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Byrus Getchell, of Binghamton, N. Y., are the guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Hogan.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lapham and children, of Hughton, N. Y., are expected here this week to spend Christmas with Mrs. Lapham's father, E. W. Gaskill and family.

Thos. Cummings and family have moved into the house recently occupied by the late Mrs. Mary Cummings. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Cummings will live in the Cummings property on Fifth street.

Edwin Jessop and wife, of Dundee, N. Y., and William Jessop, of Eldred, Pa., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hackenberg over Sunday, being called here to attend the funeral of the late C. H. Jessop.

The body of William L. Herron, of New York city, arrived in Williamsport yesterday morning over the Pennsylvania railroad and was taken in charge by Gage & Gage, undertakers. He was aged 54 years. The body was interred in East Wildwood. Services were conducted by Rev. R. F. Gibson rector of the Trinity Episcopal church. —Tuesday's Williamsport Bulletin.

Wm. McDonald, of Beechwood, one of Cameron county's oldest and most respected citizens, returned from visiting relatives in Maine and Nova Scotia Monday. This is Mr. McDonalds first visit home in over thirty years and he found many remarkable changes. He enjoyed his trip but says he is very glad to get back to old Pennsylvania. The weather was very cold while he was there, the thermometer standing thirty degrees below zero.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Gilbert spent the first of the week at Buffalo.

Lynn Strayer is home from State College to spend the holidays.

Addison Stephens, of Coudersport, and Eugene Saunders, of Portville, N. Y., visited in Emporium on Thursday last, guest of their sons.

Supt. Eick, who has been been in a precarious condition from authrax poisoning, is improving and expects to be home next week.

Miss Grace Lloyd, who has been spending several months at a New York musical conservatory, came home this (Thursday) morning to spend the holidays with her parents. Her brother Fred accompanied her home.

Mrs. W. G. Egbert and daughter, of Ithaca, N. Y., are visiting friends in Emporium.

Mrs. John Coe, of Wampville, N. Y., who has been visiting her mother and brother, Grandma and E. G. Coleman, at this place, returned home yesterday, her mother being much better.

Chas. and John Gleason came up from Driftwood Wednesday evening to visit Masonic Chapter. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gleason, who reside in Boston are spending a short time with their Driftwood relatives and friends.

John E. Smith, of Sterling Run, was a PRESS caller on Wednesday and made us glad.

Miss May McCarthy has been visiting friends in Renovo the past week.

Mrs. Theo. Newton and Mrs. Jos. Earl spent the first of the week in Olean.

Fruit Cake.

Delicious fruit cake, four months old at Model Bakery. Leave orders early that you may not get left. First come, first served.

The City Bakery.

The old and popular City Bakery are prepared to serve their numerous customers as usual. Creams, ices, fancy baking, fruits, confectionary. File orders now.

Give us a Call.

Have been to busy with Xmas trade to write advs. Store is full and overflowing with the finest goods the market affords. Store open from 7 a. m., to 10 p. m., until after Xmas.

Give me a call and be convinced that we have the goods and prices to suit the times.

Yours most repectfully,
GEO. J. LABAR.

Golden Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lord, of Cameron, pleasantly entertained a few relatives and friends at their residence on Dec. 16th, in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. An elegant dinner was served and enjoyed with a relish. The occasion was gotten up to prove that their children and friends had not forgotten the date, which should have been observed on the 12th day of November, but was postponed on account of the sickness of their grand-child, Gervase Haines, of Pittsburg. The out of town guests present were their daughter, Mrs. W. H. Hefflinger Hambelton, W. Va.; Mr. and Mrs. Haines and two children, of Pittsburgh; Mrs. Chas. Thompson, of Corning, N. Y.

Cameron, Pa., Dec. 17th, 1906. X.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

BRADY.

In our last issue we made a hurried announcement of the sudden death of Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Brady, at Steuben Sanitariam Hornell, N. Y., last Thursday. Mr. Andrew Brady, the bereaved husband, accompanied by Messrs. Jas. Creighton and Grant S. Wiley left for Hornell same night, when Mr. Brady accompanied the remains to their old home at Washington, Pa. The funeral was held from the deceased's aged mother's residence, Mrs. N. M. Porter, at 2:30 last Sunday afternoon. The services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Young, Rector of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, of which Mrs. Brady was a member, having been confirmed when a young lady, Rev. Mr Thompson, pastor of Presbyterian church assisted. The arrangements for the funeral were made by her old class-mates of Washington Seminary still residing there. The floral offerings were very numerous and beautiful, many being sent by friends in Emporium. The remains were placed in a receiving vault until spring.

***

HENRY JESSOP'S FUNERAL.

Charles Henry Jessop's funeral took place last Saturday afternoon from the family residence West Fifth street, and was quite largely attended. Rev. Mr. Calvin, pastor of First Baptist Church, assisted by Rev Mr. Robertson, Rector of Immanuel Episcopal church, conducted the services. Many beautiful floral offerings surrounded the casket.

The following relatives and friends from out of town attended: Edwin Jessop and wife, Dundee, N. Y.; William Jessop, Eldred; Geo. Faucett and Miss Lizzie Faucett, of Bath, N. Y.; Mrs. Fanny McGann, Hammondsport, N. Y.

Big line of Christmas Toys and Games at Chas. Diehl's.

Beautiful and sensible Xmas presents at Stephens & Saunders' hardware.

Sudden Death.

Frank Glaeser, of Bradford, a former resident of Emporium died suddenly at his appartment, Bradford, yesterday of heart disease. His wife Theresa Weller, died five years ago. Mr. Glaeser was engaged in the oil business with his brother-in-law, Geo C. Fagnon. He leaves a host of friends. Deceased was a prominent member of the Presbyterian church. Emporium friends of deceased regret to hear of his death.

While looking around for servicable and reasonable priced Xmas presents you will find just what you want at Balcom & Lloyd's.

Largest line of carving sets at Stephens & Saunders'. Just the thing for Xmas presents.

China makes nice Xmas presents. Balcom & Lloyd carry a nice line of china and glassware.

R. Seger & Son have hundreds of sensible Xmas presents for husband, son and best man.

Fine line of table cutlery at Stephens & Saunders' hardware.

The Care of the Skin.

"A beautiful lady presupposes a healthy body in perfect condition for its use, embracing color, texture, animation and intelligence," says Dr. Anna Galbrath in the January Delineator. "The adage, "Beauty is but skin deep,', is like many another, is untrue. The beauty of the skin is evidence of good digestion, proper excreation by the bowels, skin and kidneys, good condition of the blood, and plenty of out door exercises.

"The skin is a very delicate and complex organ, and upon its conditions and the vicissitudes to which it is exposed the health is more dependent than upon any other agency in life over which we have control. The skin is not an independent organ; nothing in the body is independent. It is now well known that skin as well as other parts of the body, depends for its integrity upon the general nervous system. Disturbance anywhere in the body acts upon the skin, conversely, any disturbances in the skin acts upon the central nervous system.

All the latest and popular sheet music at Chas. Diehl's.

The Lady Maccabees are notified that there will be no meeting of the Hive until New Years night, when a full attendance is requested.

DEBORAH HOCKLEY, L. C.

Dealers say that they who have used Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are quite loyal to them and can not be persuaded to take any obstitute. Get a free sample at L. Tagggart's; J. E. Smith, Sterling Run, Crum Bros.. Sinnamahoning.

Cure for Sore Nipples.

As soon as the child is done nursing, apply Camberlain's Salve. Wipe it off with a stiff cloth before allowing the child to nurse. Many trained nurses use this with the best results. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by L. Taggart, J. E. Smith. Sterling Run; Crum Bros., Sinnamahoning, Pa.

Williams' Kidney Pills.

Have you neglected your kidneys? Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your Kidneys and Bladder? Have you pains in the loins, side, back, groins and bladder? Have you a flabby appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? Too frequent desire to pass urine? If so William's Kidney Pills will cure you. Sample free. By mail 50 cents. Sold by R. C. Dodson. Williams M'f'g. Co., Prop's, Cleveland, O. 9-ly.

S. C. Larrabee Prcatical Painter

"Don't pay $1.50 a gallon for canned oil, which ought to cost but 60 cents a gallon. Ready mixed paint is half oil and half paint. Buy oil fresh from the barrel and add it to the L. & M. Paint which is semi-mixed."

When you buy L. & M., Paint you get a full gallon of paint that won't wear off for 10 or 15 years, because L. & M., Zinc hardens the L. & M., White Lead and makes L. & M., paint wear like iron.

4 gallons L. & M., mixed with 3 gallons Linseed Oil will paint a moderate sized house.

Actual cost L. & M., $1.20 per gallon.

Sold in the north, east, south and west.

C. S. Andrews, Ex- Mayor, Danbury, Conn., writes: "Painted my house 19 years ago with L. & M. Looks well today."

Sold by H. S. Lloyd, Emporium, Pa.

Williams Carbolic Salve with Arnica and Witch Hazel.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, and all skin eruptions. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c by Druggists. Williams M'f'g Co., Prop's Cleveland, O. For sale by R. C. Dodson. 9-ly.

Resolutions of Condolence.

WHEREAS, It having pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our brother Edward Chalmers, a member of Cameron Castle, No. 257, Knights of Golden Eagle, of Cameron, Pa., therefore, be it

Resolved, That we bow humbly to his infinite power and goodnes and leave all in his hands; that we extend our sympathy to the bereaved friends in the time of trouble; that we drape our Charter for a period of 30 days in token of repect, to the deceased that we send a copy of these resolutions to the home of the deceased that we send a copy of these resolutions to the county paper.

D. C. LININGER,
D. B. PETERSON,
EDWARD SCHWAB,
Committee.

Cameron, Pa., Dec. 6, 1906.

CHRISTMAS GROCERIES

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

DAY'S

THE SATISFACTORY STORE

GOOD Things for your Christmas Dinner have been arriving at our store for several weeks, until our counters and shelves are heaped highwith the most attractive display of things to eat ever shown in Emporium.

Every corner of the world has contributed of its best products. The sources of supply have been searched by us in our effort to bring to your doors the Choicest things for your Christmas Celebration. Everything is ready. We are anxious to serve you. Our Telephone and delivery service are at your disposal. Don't hesitate.

Leave Your Orders Early

And thus help us to give you a more perfect service at this busy time.

Grape Fruit, Oranges, Apples, Pears, Grapes, Cranberries, Bananas, Nuts, Candies, Figs, Dates.

Lettuce, Celery, Radishes, Parsley, Sweet Potatoes, Squash, Pure Spices, Herbs.

All these and many others which are conducive to the making of a Merry Christmas will be found here in abundance.

China and House Furnishing Goods

THIS Department is literally packed from floor to ceiling—an inspection of which will prove—Never before have we had such an immense stock.

Many Happy Christmas Thoughts

Something that has beauty, distinction and that will last is what we look for in buying gifts. Those are the very qualities that this big stock represents. Then too, there are a hundred and one things of great helpfulness for the culinary department of the household, all of which make excellent gifts. We'd like to tell you about them all and ask that you come in and give us an opportunity.

Christmas Grocery Sale

Cape Cod Cranberries, 2 qts 25c.

Heinzs Mince Meat, 2 lbs. 25c.

"Barrington Hall" the steel cut Coffee, 30c.

25 Lb. Bag Granulated Sugar $1.40.

Choice Florida Oranges doz	30 to 40C	10c mustard Sardines can	8C
Choice Lemons dozen	25C	7 cakes Acme Soap for	25C
15c Macaroni, Spaghetti or vermicelli	12C	50c package Noiseless Matches	45C
Canned Corn, Tomatoes, String Beans, Pumpkin, Hominy, Baked Beans, extra 10c values 3 cans for 25c	25C	10c Stove Polish, any kind	8C
		15c package Shredded Wheat Biscuit	12C

J. H. DAY,

Fourth Street, EMPORIUM, PA.

CHINA BARGAINS

OUR SERIAL.

A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Author of "The Grafters," Etc.

(Copyright, 1905, by J. P. Lippincott Co.)

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

But Mr. Darrah chatted on, affably non-committal, and after a time Winton began to upbraid himself for suspecting the ulterior motive. By no word or hint did the vice president refer to the struggle pendent between the two companies or to the warlike incident of the morning. And when he finally rose to excuse himself on a letter-writing plea, his leave-taking was that of the genial host reluctant to part company with his guest.

"I've enjoyed your conve'sation, seh; enjoyed it right much. Most happy to have had the pleasure of your company, Misteh Winton. May I hope you will faveh us often while we are neighbors?"

Winton rose, made the proper acknowledgments, and would have crossed the compartment to make his adieux to Mrs. Carteret. But at that moment Virginia, taking advantage of Adams' handshaking with the Rajah, came between.

"You re not going yet, are you, Mr. Winton? Don't hurry. If you are dying to smoke a pipe, as Mr. Adams says you are, we can go out on the platform. It isn't too cold, is it?"

Not the words themselves, but her manner of saying them, warmed him so suddenly that an Arctic winter's night would not have been prohibitory.

"It is clear and frosty, a beautiful night," he hastened to say. "May I help you with your coat?"

She suffered him, but in the height of the heart-warming glow gave him a cold douche in a word to Bessie.

"Won't you come, too, Bessie, dear?" she asked; and Winton set the whole battery of his will at work to fend off the threatened calamity.

Happily, it averted itself. Miss Bessie was quite comfortable as she was and begged to be excused. Mrs. Carteret in her capacity of chaperon looked askance at Virginia, was met by a glance of the resolute brown eyes which she had come to obey without fully understanding, and contented herself with a monitory: "Don't stay out too long, Virginia. It is dreadfully cold."

So presently Winton had his heart's desire, which was to be alone with Virginia; alone, we say, though the privacy of the square railed platform was that of the ear only. For the gathering-room of the Rosemary, with its lights and eyes, gave directly upon the rear platform through the two full-length windows and the glass door.

Now in whatsoever aspect the mountain skyland presents itself—and its aspects are numberless—that of a starlit winter night, when the heaven-lights burn clear in a black dome for which the mighty peaks themselves are the visible supports, is not the least impressive. So, for a little time, awe challenging awe in these two had much in common, tongue and lip were silent, and when they spoke it was of the immensities.

"Does your profession often open such wide doors to you, Mr. Winton?"

It gave him an exquisite thrill to know that her mood marched so evenly with his own.

"Outside of the office work, which I have always evaded when I could, the doors are all pretty wide. One year I was on the Mexican boundary survey—you can picture those silent nights in the desert. Another time I was with the Geodetic on the coast; since that winter the booming of the surf has been the constant undertone for me in all music."

"Ah, yes, in music. You must love music if you can associate it with this."

"I do, indeed. I would build it the grandest of the temples, though I should be only a mute lay-worshiper in it myself."

She smiled. "That temple must always have two high priests, one who prophesies and one who interprets. I can't play without a sympathetic listener."

"I wish you might play for me sometime. You would have to be very exacting if you could find fault with my appreciation."

"Would I? But we are riding away on my hobby after we had fairly mounted yours."

He laughed. "Mine is only a heavy cart-horse, not fit for riding," he said.

"You shouldn't say that. It is a man's work—yours." And he made sure there was a note of regret in her voice when she added: "No woman can ever share it with you, or help you in it."

"I should be sorry to believe that," he rejoined, quickly. "The best part of any man's work may be shared by the woman who wills—and dares."

She gave him a flitting glance of intelligence.

"How strangely chance whips us about from post to pillar. Two evenings ago I was foolish enough to—well, you know what I did. And now we have changed places and you are telling me what a woman may do—if she dare."

But he would not admit the premises. "If the one were foolish, so is the other. But I can't allow that to stand. I shall always be the better for what you said to me the other evening."

"I don't know why you should; you didn't need it in the least," she protested. "If I had known then what I know now, I should have said something quite different."

"Say it now, if you wish."

"May I? But I have no right. Besides, it would sound like the basest of recantations."

"Would it? Nevertheless, I should like to hear it."

She nerved herself for the plunge—her uncle's plunge—doubting more than ever.

"Your part in the building of this other railroad is purely a business affair, is it not?"

"My personal interest? Quite so; a mere matter of dollars and cents, you may say."

She went on, entirely missing the irony in his reply.

"You did not know the difficulties before you came here?"

"Only in a general way. I knew there was opposition, and—well, I'm not just a novice in this sort of thing, and if I may be allowed to boast a little, I knew my appointment was owing to Mr. Callowell's belief in my ability to carry it through."

"You are not smoking," she said. "Haven't you your pipe?" She was finding it desperately hard to go on.

"If you don't mind," he returned; but when he had pipe and tobacco in hand she plunged again.

"You say your interest in this other railroad—your personal interest—is only that of—of an employe. If you should have another offer, from some other company—"

He smiled. "Put yourself in my place, Miss Virginia. What would you do?"

She tried to think it out, and in the process the doubt grew and overwhelmed her.

"I—I don't know," she faltered. "If, as you say, it is only a question of so much money to be earned—"

HE OPENED THE DOOR FOR HER.

He started as if she struck him with a whip.

"That is not your argument; it is Mr. Darrah's." Then his voice took a deeper tone that thrilled her till she wanted to cry out. "Don't say you want me to give up; please don't say that. I think I have been putting you on a pedestal these last two days, Miss Carteret. You know well enough what is involved—honor, integrity, good faith, everything a man values, or should value. I was only jesting when I spoke of the day-pay; that is nothing. I can't believe you would ask such a sacrifice of me—of any man."

The brown eyes met his fairly, and it was not Mr. Somerville Darrah's confederate who said: "Indeed, I do not ask it, Mr. Winton. I see now how impossible it would be for you to—" she stopped short, and leaving the sentence in the air, began again. "But it is only fair that you should have your warning, and I'm going to give it to you. My uncle will leave no stone unturned to defeat you."

He was still looking into her eyes, and so had courage to say what came uppermost.

"I don't care. I shall fight him as hard as I can, but I shall always be his debtor for this evening. Do you understand?"

She broke the eye-hold and turned away quickly.

"You must not come again," she said.

"But I shall—as often as I may. And as to the railway tussle, Mr. Darrah may take it out of me as he pleases from sunrise to sunset, if he will only invite me here to dinner now and then."

In a flash her mood changed and she laughed lightly.

"Who would think if of you, Mr. Winton! Of all men I should have said you were the last to care so much for the social diversions. Shall we go in?"

"If we must; but not until I have thanked you for your timely hint of yesterday morning. It saved me no end of trouble."

"The telegram? Mr. Adams sent that. And besides, it was meant to be a scolding."

"I have no doubt Adams sent the wire, but he didn't write it. Or, if he did, he also wrote our invitation to dinner. They are in the same hand, you know."

She laughed again. "I think it is quite time we were going in," she averred, and he opened the door for her.

If Mr. John Winton, C. E., stood in need of a moral tonic, as Adams had so delicately intimated to Miss Bessie Carteret, it was administered in quantity sufficient before he slept on the night of dinner-givings.

For a clear-eyed Technologian, free from all heart-trammelings and able to grasp the unsentimental fact, the enemy's new plan of campaign wrote itself quite legibly. With his pick and choice among the time-killing expedients the Rajah could scarcely have found one more to his purpose than the private car Rosemary, including in its passenger list a Miss Virginia Carteret. There would be more dinners and social diversions; other procrastinations like this of neglecting to look after the consignment of steel—which, by the by, was not yet to be seen or even definitely heard from; and in the end, defeat.

All of which Adams, substituting friendly frankness for the disciplinary traditions of the service, set forth in good Bostonian English for the benefit and behoof of his chief, and was answered according to his deserts with scoffings and deridings.

"I wasn't born yesterday, Morty, and I'm not so desperately asinine as you seem to think," was the besotted one's summing up. "I know the Rajah doesn't split hairs in a business fight, but he is hardly unscrupulous enough to use Miss Carteret as a cat's-paw."

But Adams would not be scoffed aside.

"You're off in your estimate of Mr. Darrah, Jack, 'way off. I know the tradition—that a southern gentleman is all chivalry when it comes to a matter touching his womankind, and I don't controvert it as a general proposition. But the Rajah has been a fighting western railroad magnate so long that his accent is about the only southern asset he has retained. If I'm any good at guessing, he will stick at nothing to gain his end."

Winton admitted the impeachment without prejudice to his own point of view.

"Perhaps you are right. But forewarned is forearmed. And Miss Virginia is not going to lend herself to any such nefarious scheme."

"Not consciously, perhaps; but you don't know her yet. If she saw a good chance to take the conceit out of you, she'd improve it—without thinking overmuch of the possible consequences to the Utah company."

"Pshaw!" said Winton. "That is another of your literary inferences. I've met her only twice, yet I venture to say I know her better than you do. If she cared anything for me—which she doesn't—"

"Oh, go to sleep!" said Adams, who was not minded to argue further with a man besotted; and so the matter went by default for the time.

It was very deftly done, and even Adams, the clear-eyed, could not help admiring the Rajah's skillful finesse. Of formal dinner-givings there might easily have been an end, since the construction camp had nothing to offer in return. But the formalities were studiously ignored, and the two young men were put upon a footing of intimacy and encouraged to come and go as they pleased.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tributes to the Departed.

Corn and bread are still offered by the pious Basques of the Pyrenees to the dear departed on their death anniversary. A traveler in Spain describes how, at San Sebastian, he has often seen some poor fisherman's daughter praying in a church for a dead relative "amid baskets full of fruit, loaves of bread and corn, and kneeling upon the tomb of her ancestors."

NEW SYSTEM

Of Spelling Is Given Dose of Knockout Drops.

BY CONGRESSMEN.

The President Agreed to Cease Efforts in Its Behalf If the House Voted Against Its Use.

Washington, D. C. — Simplified spelling received a final quietus in the house Thursday. The subject has been under discussion in the house and in committee ever since the convening of this session of congress, but it was brought to a sudden termination by the unanimous adoption of a resolution favoring a return to the old standard of orthography, just before the house adjourned Thursday.

President Roosevelt will withdraw his simplified spelling order to the public printer and hereafter all documents from the executive departments will again be printed in the old fashioned style.

Representative Landis, of the joint committee on spelling, had a conference Thursday with the president, when the president said he did not wish to have spelling overshadow matters of great importance and expressed a willingness to revoke his order for the new spelling in case the house of representatives should go on record as opposed to the system.

THEY DIED TOGETHER.

An ex-Priest and a Woman are Found Dead, Having Been Asphyxiated by Gas.

New York.—Rev. C. S. Quinn, formerly pastor of St. Agnes church at Atlantic Highlands, N. J., and a young woman thought to be Miss B. Kiley, also of Atlantic Highlands, were found dead in a room in a boarding house here Thursday. The room was filled with gas which had escaped from a partially open jet. The couple had been there since Wednesday.

In one of the satchels taken to the room by the man and woman the coroner found some pieces of silverware. One of the spoons bore the name "O'Farrell."

Atlantic Highlands, N. J.—Father C. S. Quinn, who in company with a woman was found dead in a New York boarding house, was formerly assistant pastor of St. Agnes' Roman Catholic church in this place. He was dismissed from his charge about three weeks ago by Bishop McFeul, of Trenton. As soon as he was notified of his dismissal the priest left here and did not return. The housekeeper at the rectory left town about a week ago. Father Quinn came here last June. His former place of residence is not known.

There had been much scandal here concerning Father Quinn and the name of the housekeeper was involved. Scandals of a financial nature also were in circulation concerning the priest.

A CLEVER PLEA.

Attorneys for Alleged Rebaters Claim that the Elkins Law Is Repealed by the Hepburn Statute.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Arguments on the demurrers interposed by the railways and grain firms charged by indictment with giving and receiving rebates were begun Thursday before Judges William Lochren and Page Morris, of the United States circuit court.

Counsel for the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha and the Great Northern railways and for the Ames-Brooks and the McCaull-Dinsmore elevator companies and the Duluth Milling Co. contended that the Hepburn bill had repealed the provisions of the Elkins act under which the indictments had been found and that the peculiar phraseology of the new law was a complete bar to the present action, even though the offenses had been committed as alleged.

Wreck Is Fatal to Three.

Mentor, O.—In a collision near here Thursday night between a westbound passenger train on the Nickel Plate railroad and a freight two men were killed and another fatally injured. Ten passengers were injured, none fatally. The dead: Edward Millert, Conneaut, engineer of freight train; Arthur J. Foos, brakeman on passenger train. The fireman on the freight engine was fatally hurt.

Congress.

Washington.—In the senate on the 13th Senator Dubois, of Idaho, made a speech against the continuance of Reed Smoot as senator from Utah. The house spent the day in consideration of the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill.

Emperor William Dissolves Reichstag.

Berlin. — Emperor William dissolved the reichstag on Thursday and ordered new elections in consequence of the government's defeat on the bill authorizing an adequate number of troops to end the insurrection in German Southwest Africa.

More Pay for Railway Employes.

Scranton, Pa. — Superintendent Clark, of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad, has announced a 10 per cent. increase in the wages of all employes in the transportation department of the company.

Balcom & Lloyd.

WE have the best stocked general store in the county and if you are looking for reliable goods at reasonable prices, we are ready to serve you with the best to be found. Our reputation for trustworthy goods and fair dealing is too well known to sell any but high grade goods.

Our stock of Queensware and Chinaware is selected with great care and we have some of the most handsome dishes ever shown in this section, both in imported and domestic makes. We invite you to visit us and look our goods over.

Balcom & Lloyd.

LOOK ELSEWHERE BUT DON'T FORGET THESE PRICES AND FACTS AT

LaBAR'S

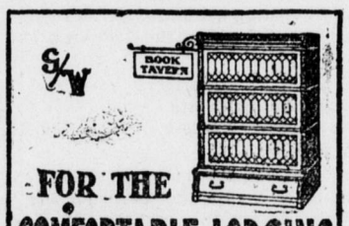
We carry in stock the largest line of Carpets, Linoleums and Mattings of all kinds ever brought to this town. Also a big line of samples.

A very large line of Lace Curtains that cannot be matched anywhere for the price.

Art Squares and Rugs of all sizes and kind, from the cheapest to the best.

Dining Chairs, Rockers and High Chairs.

A large and elegant line of Tufted and Drop-head Couches. Beauties and at bargain prices.



FOR THE COMFORTABLE LODGING

of fine books in a choice library select the Ideal pattern of Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcase. Furnished with bevel French plate or leaded glass doors.

FOR SALE BY

GEO. J. LaBAR,

Sole Agent for Cameron County.

$30 Bedroom Suits, solid oak at.....	$25	$40 Sideboard, quartered oak.....	$30
$28 Bedroom Suits, solid oak at.....	$21	$32 Sideboard, quartered oak.....	$25
$25 Bed room Suits, solid oak at.....	$20	$22 Sideboard, quartered oak,.....	$16
A large line of Dressers from $8 up.		Chiffoniers of all kinds and all prices.	

The finest line of Sewing Machines on the market, the "DOMESTIC" and "ELDRIDGE.' All drop-heads and warranted.

A fine line of Dishes, common grade and China, in sets and by the piece.

As I keep a full line of everything that goes to make up a good Furniture store, it is useless to enumerate them all.

Please call and see for yourself that I am telling you the truth, and if you don't buy, there is no harm done, as it is no trouble to show goods.

GEO. J .LaBAR.

UNDERTAKING.

THE PESSIMISTIC BACHELOR

THE Bachelor lived in a boarding house. He was 55 years old, and his hair was growing thin at the top and gray at the temples. He had recently invested in a cane because of the gout which he had stopped calling rheumatism. After he had bought the cane he had grimly stalked to an oculist's. The new eyeglasses were in his pocket now, and he was on his way to the boarding house (he disdained to call it home) to test them on the Rubaiyat that a New York friend had sent him for Christmas.

All these things (including the coming of Omar Khayyam) had made the Bachelor a pessimist—or so, at least, he thought.

It was Christmas eve.

"The Christmas spirit!" he growled, under his breath. "Huh! The Christmas greed, I call it. Everybody seems to be rushing around like mad, and everybody is filled to bursting with a lively sense of favors to come. Will that confounded car ever show up? I can't stand this chattering rabble much longer."

The car came at last and the Bachelor heaved a sigh that was almost satisfaction as he sank into the only vacant seat.

The Bachelor found himself on the

Threw Down the Book in a Rage.

same seat with a little woman who held many bundles and a baby. The baby was asleep. The woman looked fagged and tired, but when her eyes chanced to rest on the infant in her tense arms, they grew soft with maternal tenderness. She apologized in flushing haste to the Bachelor when the baby's restless movements set a paper box squarely on his knee, but the pessimist only grunted. She tried to recover the box, but this, as she had only two arms, and both were full, proved difficult.

"Let the box stay, madam," snapped the Bachelor. He had not thought to help her. "It does not inconvenience me in the least."

So the box stayed. The Bachelor looked sedulously the other way, and tried to forget that it was there. The baby's pudgy pink hand was flung on his coat sleeve, and the Bachelor tried to forget that, too.

"I get off at the next corner, sir," said the woman. "Could you—would you—"

She rose in hurried anxiety to her feet, and more bundles rained down on the Bachelor.

"I could help you out, if that is what you mean," said the Bachelor sourly.

"Oh, no, sir—thank you, sir!" For the Bachelor, red with irritation, had gathered up the scattered parcels.

The conductor grinned as he jerked the bellcord, and the perspiring Bachelor could have beaten him with his cane.

"I'll carry these bundles home for you, madam," he announced gruffly and reluctantly, when they reached the sidewalk. "My car has left me, anyway," and he smiled grimly after the rapidly receding lights.

"Yes, sir," said the woman, meekly. "'Tain't far," she added, "just a block."

When he at last reached his cheerless room, he adjusted his new glasses with a scowl and picked up Omar Khayyam with a feeling of sudden distaste. "The Christmas spirit!" he growled. "Pshaw!"

But he did not see the printed page, though his eyes were screwed intently upon it for many minutes. Suddenly he threw down the vellum-covered book in a rage and tore off the pince nez. "Hang it all!" said he furiously, "these glasses are no good. That driveling idiot of an oculist ought to be drawn and quartered! I'm going down-town."

So he jammed his hat on his head and went down-town, and when he came back his overcoat pockets were bulging with a flaxen-haired doll warranted to say "mamma" without much pressure and a red jumping-jack of startling agility.

For the Christmas spirit had cast its sweet and potent spell over the pessimistic Bachelor, and he had suddenly remembered—what he had so often tried to forget—that his landlady was the mother of two riotous children.

"God bless 'em!" said the Bachelor.

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

Profit by the Experience of One Who Has Found Relief.

James R. Keeler, retired farmer, of Fenner street, Cazenovia, N. Y., says: "About fifteen years ago I suffered with my back and kidneys. I doctored and used many remedies without getting relief. Beginning with Doan's Kidney Pills, I found relief from the first box, and two boxes restored me to good, sound condition. My wife and many of my friends have used Doan's Kidney Pills with good results and I can earnestly recommend them."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Young Man Extensive Traveler.

Lord Ronaldshay, though only thirty years of age, probably has done more traveling for his age than any man living. Few people know more than he about the Himalayas and Persia. He has also found time to explore Kashmir, Baluchistan, Ladak, Thibet and the Persian gulf, to say nothing of Ceylon.

National Pure Food and Drugs Act.

The Garfield Tea Company's preparations comply in every respect with the requirements of The National Pure Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 384, assigned by the Government, will appear on every package of their goods.

New Market for Herrings.

A new market for Yarmouth herrings has been opened in the Caucasus, some Scotch merchants having sent an experimental shipment there. The fish are being handled by Prince Louis Napoleon Murat.

To Clean Oil Paintings.

Many are not aware that oil paintings may be successfully cleaned by an amateur. Dip a cloth in tepid Ivory Soap suds and wring almost dry. Go over the picture very carefully until dirt and fly specks are removed; then apply boiled linseed oil with a flannel cloth.

ELEANOR R. PARKER.

Museum Gets Fine Pulpit.

King Friederich August of Saxony has given to the Germanic museum at Harvard a full-size reproduction of the sandstone pulpit of the Church of Wechselburg, near Leipsic. This gift is regarded as the most important made to the museum since the fine collection of casts was sent by the German emperor. The pulpit belongs to the beginning of the thirteenth century, and is a massive structure, 15 feet high, resting on Romanesque columns.

UNDERSTOOD WHAT WAS SAID.

In no Other Way Can Actions of Cat Be Explained.

As striking a cat story as I have heard in a long time comes from Alton, N. M., and is vouched for absolutely, says a writer in the Boston Record. The cat was accustomed to visit the next door neighbor after each meal to be fed and petted, bringing also two kittens.

One of the women at the house thus visited, who had entertained a dislike for cats, finally, on observing the animal, expressed aloud a liking for the gray kitten and said she intended to ask to be allowed to keep it.

The next day when Mother Cat came for her bits only one kitten accompanied her, but she took away some choice morsels for the one left at home. This continued several days, when the woman who had first expressed intention to get the kitten which the cat was feeding, remarked that she had given up wholly the idea of securing the gray kitten. All three felines appeared at the next meal and have done so since.

NO MEDICINE.

But Change of Food Gave Final Relief.

Most diseases start in the alimentary canal—stomach and bowels.

A great deal of our stomach and bowel troubles come from eating too much starchy and greasy food.

The stomach does not digest any of the starchy food we eat—white bread, pastry, potatoes, oats, etc.—these things are digested in the small intestines, and if we eat too much, as most of us do, the organs that should digest this kind of food are overcome by excess of work, so that fermentation, indigestion, and a long train of ails result.

Too much fat also is hard to digest, and this is changed into acids, sour stomach, belching gas, and a bloaty, heavy feeling.

In these conditions a change from indigestible foods to Grape-Nuts will work wonders in not only relieving the distress but in building up a strong digestion, clear brain and steady nerves. A Wash. woman writes:

"About five years ago I suffered with bad stomach—dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation—caused, I know now, from eating starchy and greasy food.

"I doctored for two years without any benefit. The doctor told me there was no cure for me. I could not eat anything without suffering severe pain in my back and sides, and I became discouraged.

"A friend recommended Grape-Nuts and I began to use it. In less than two weeks I began to feel better, and inside of two months I was a well woman and have been ever since.

"I can eat anything I wish with pleasure. We eat Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast, and are very fond of it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

FILLING UP THE CANADIAN WEST.

The American Settler Is Welcomed to Canada.

A number of the leading newspapers on this side of the line have been noticing the growth of the Canadian West in recent years, and draw attention to the fact that there seems to be no abatement of the influx of settlers to that great grain-growing country. The Buffalo Express thus refers to the subject:

"Canada West continues to grow. There were 4,174 homesteads entries there in July of this year, as against 3,571 in July, 1905. Canada plumes herself over this fact, with becoming pride. But what appears to make our neighbors happiest is the statement that of these 4,174 homesteaders, 1,212 were from this side of the line. Little is said about the 97 Canadians who recrossed the border to take up homes in Canada West, or of the 808 from Great Britain, or of the 1,236 from non-British countries. It appears that the item in this July report that makes Canada rejoice most is this of the 1,212 American farmers who decided to try their fortunes in Canada West.

"The compliment is deserved. The 1,212 were mostly from Dakota and other farming states, and go into Canada fitted better than any other class of immigrants for developing the new country. They take capital with them, too, say Canadian papers proudly. In every way, they are welcome over there."

As the Express well says, the American is welcomed to Canada, and the reasons given are sufficient to invite the welcome. The Americn farmer knows thoroughly the farming conditions that prevail in the Canadian prairie provinces, and is aware of every phase of agricultural development in recent years.

In practical knowledge of what is wanted to get the largest return for labor and investment he is by long odds superior to any European settler. He knews what is required to bring success, and he is able and willing to do it, and his future causes no apprehension to the successful Canadian farmer. The agent of the Canadian Government, whose address appears elsewhere, says that the difference between the manners and customs of the farmer from Dakota, Oregon or Minnesota and the farmer from Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta is not nearly so marked as that between the farmer of the Maritime provinces and the Ontario tiller of the soil. Hence the welcome to the free homesteads of the Canadian West, and there are hundreds of thousands of them left, that is extended to the settler from the Western States.

Unearthing the Briber.

During a recent campaign in England a certain woman called on a laborer's wife and asked if her husband would vote for Lord Blank. "No, he won't," was the reply. "But, remember the blankets and coals you got from the clergyman." "Never mind them. He's been promised a new pair of trousers if he votes for Mr. Dash." Suspecting that this was a case of bribery that must be outdone, the woman canvasser offered a sovereign if the woman would tell her who had promised the trousers. The money paid over, the woman smiled. "I promised them," she said, "and I'll buy them out of your sovereign."

A New Sleeping Car Story.

Among the railroad visitors in town yesterday was F. A. Miller, general passenger agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. He visited all of the general offices in town and at the Hollenden Hotel yesterday told a story of one of the sleeping car porters who was recently found asleep while on duty. This is contrary to the rules of The St. Paul Road, and the negro man was in trouble when found by the inspector on The Pioneer Limited. He had his wits about him, however, and in response to the inspector's inquiry as to what he was doing asleep, he said:

"I'll tell you how it was, boss. I have only been with the company a short time and before coming here I was working on such and such a railroad. The line was so rough that I could not get any sleep. Since I have been working for the The St. Paul the road has been so smooth that I just could not keep awake."

Mr. Miller says that while the negro had violated the rules, he was permitted to keep his job on account of his wit.—*Cleveland Leader.*

May Throw Light on History.

While excitement regarding the Hohenlohe memoirs is still rife in Europe, there is subdued talk in British military circles regarding the forthcoming appearance of a book which will contain some of the late duke of Cambridge's voluminous correspondence. A diary kept by Emperor Frederick of Germany is in safekeeping in England and the day may not be far distant when it also will be published. Correct answers to numerous historical enigmas may be expected from such a publication.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A woman's idea of a perfect gentleman is any man who agrees with her.

All Cloth Hats, Children's Dresses, etc., made to look like new with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

Success is often a hundred-to-one shot that the talent overlooks.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The man who can govern a woman can govern a nation.

FITS, St. Vitus Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Rich Prize for Scientists.

The person who discovers a method of communication between planets will receive $20,000 from the French Academy of Science.

Worth Knowing.

That Allcock's Plasters are the highest result of medical science and skill, and in ingredients and method have never been equaled.

That they are the original and genuine porous plasters upon whose reputation imitators trade.

That Allcock's Plasters never fail to perform their remedial work quickly and effectually.

That for Weak Back, Rheumatism, Colds, Lung Trouble, Strains and all Local Pains they are invaluable.

That when you buy Allcock's Plasters you obtain the best plasters made.

A Misunderstanding.

Apropos of a misunderstanding on the canteen question, Gen. Frederick D. Grant said at a dinner in Washington:

"It is like the case of my friend Maj. Green. Maj. Green said to his servant one morning:

"'James, I have left my mess boots out, I want them soled.'

"'Yes sir,' the servant answered.

"The major, dressing for dinner that night, said again:

"'I suppose, James, that you did as I told you about those boots?'

"James laid 35 cents on the bureau.

"'Yes, sir,' said he, 'and this is all I could get for them; though the corporal who bought 'em said he'd have given half a dollar if pay day hadn't been so far off.'"

LIMB RAW AS PIECE OF BEEF.

Suffered for Three Years with Itching Humor—Cruiser Newark U. S. N. Man Cured by Cuticura.

"I suffered with humor for about three years off and on. I finally saw a doctor and he gave me remedies that did me no good, so I tried Cuticura when my limb below the knee to the ankle was as raw as a piece of beef. All I used was the Cuticura Soap and the Ointment. I bathed with Cuticura Soap every day, and used about six or seven boxes of Cuticura Ointment. I was thoroughly cured of the humor in three weeks, and haven't been affected with it since. I use no other Soap than Cuticura now. H. J. Myers, U. S. N., U. S. S. Newark, New York, July 8, 1905."

Wood at Eight Dollars a Pound.

"French walnut is the finest wood we have," said the cabinet-maker. "It comes from Persia, but it is prepared in France. I have seen French walnut worth $8 a pound, and it is a common thing to pay $2 a pound for it. Of course it is used principally for veneering. Only millionaires could have chairs and tables of solid French walnut.

"Mahogany, wonderful as it is, rarely fetches such high prices. From $2 to $3 is a very good price per pound for this wood.

"Ebony, if it is in a particularly large piece, so that it will cut well, will often bring $5 a pound in the wood market."

IF YOU WANT WHAT YOU WANT WHEN YOU WANT IT ALWAYS KEEP A BOTTLE OF

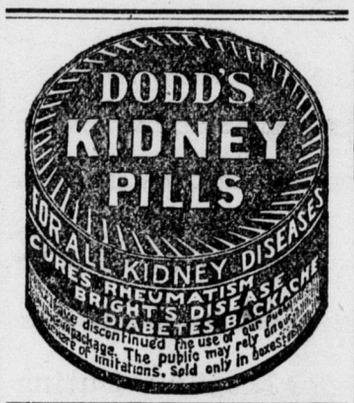
ST. JACOBS OIL

IN THE HOUSE AND YOU WILL HAVE A QUICK, SAFE AND SURE REMEDY FOR PAIN WHERE YOU CAN GET AT IT WHEN NEEDED.

PRICE 25c AND 50c

Scheme Worked Out Badly.

Congressman Sulzer represents a densely populated district on the East side of New York city. It occurred to him some months ago that though there are no gardens in his district some of his constituents might grow plants in boxes placed on window sills or fire escapes, so he sent an assortment of seed to the inmate of a model tenement house owned by one of his friends. The latter met him a few days ago and said: "See here, Sulzer, I want you to cut out that seed business. It's the limit!" "Why, what's the matter?" asked the astonished Sulzer, and he explained why he had sent the seeds. "Oh, you meant well, all right," returned the friend, scornfully, "but when I visited the place the other day I found that about ten families were raising cabbage, cucumbers and tomatoes in the bath tubs."



A Positive CURE for CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once.

It cleanses, soothes heals and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts., at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size 10 cts. by mail. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. 100% PROFIT. WRITE FOR TERMS AND TERRITORY. BORSUM BROS. BUSHWICK AVE. NEW YORK CITY.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

A. N. K.—C (1906—50) 2156.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

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Aged Linseed Oil Ready-Mixed Paints

Stand Every Test for exterior and interior work

A. L. O. Paint contains only the best materials, selected with the greatest care and thoroly combined in proper proportions with

Aged Linseed Oil

Aged in our own tanks until clear and pure as amber. This is but one of the important processes in the manufacture of our paints, but it illustrates the care exercised thruout in the making of the highest quality products of our works, and **which cost no more than inferior paints.**

A. L. O. Paint is ground thru powerful mills of special construction which ensures proper assimilation and knitting together of all particles, and produces a paint unequaled in covering power, durability, fineness of texture and beauty of finish.

A. L. O. Paint is the best paint for all purposes it is possible to produce. Every drop and atom is pure. It is the most economical paint made. Will last longer, look better and go farther than any other paint.

Ask your dealer for Buffalo A. L. O. Ready-Mixed Paints. Folders containing valuable information and chart of 50 beautiful shades on request. For sale by Hardware and Paint Dealers everywhere.

Buffalo Oil Paint & Varnish Co.
Box 103, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE CANADIAN WEST IS THE BEST WEST

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

The testimony of thousands during the past year is that the Canadian West is the best West. Year by year the agricultural returns have increased in volume and in value, and still the Canadian Government offers 160 acres FREE to every bona fide settler.

Some of the Advantages

The phenomenal increase in railway mileage—main lines and branches—has put almost every portion of the country within easy reach of churches, schools, markets, cheap fuel and every modern convenience.

The NINETY MILLION BUSHEL WHEAT CROP of this year means $60,000,000 to the farmers of Western Canada, apart from the results of other grains and cattle.

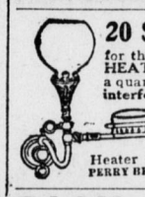
For advice and information address the SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION, Ottawa, Canada, or any authorized Government Agent.

H. M. WILLIAMS, Law Building, Toledo, Ohio.

JOIN THE NAVY

There are positions open in the Navy for hundreds of young men between 17 and 25 years of age, and for mechanics under 35 years. Good pay, and good food furnished by the Government. For full information, address U. S. NAVY RECRUITING STATION, West 6th St. and Superior Ave., CLEVELAND, O., and U. S. NAVY RECRUITING STATION, P. O. Building, BUFFALO, N. Y.

READERS of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.



20 Seconds is Enough

for this Scientific CURLING IRON HEATER. Supports 8 lbs. and boils a quart of water in 3 minutes. No interference with gas lighting apparatus. Indispensable for quick work. (Burns Gas.) Prepaid to you for $1. Heater only. AGENTS WANTED. PERRY BRASS WORKS, Box 218, Perrysburg, O.

CASH For YOUR FUR

no matter where you are. If you trap or buy fur write to-day for our new plan to make extra $8 on fur. P. O. Box 12. CORRY HIDE & FUR CO., CORRY, PA.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C. Advice free. Terms low. Highest ref.

ASTHMA Instant relief and positive cure. Sample mailed free to any sufferer. Write to-day to A. R. Owens, Belleville, Ill.

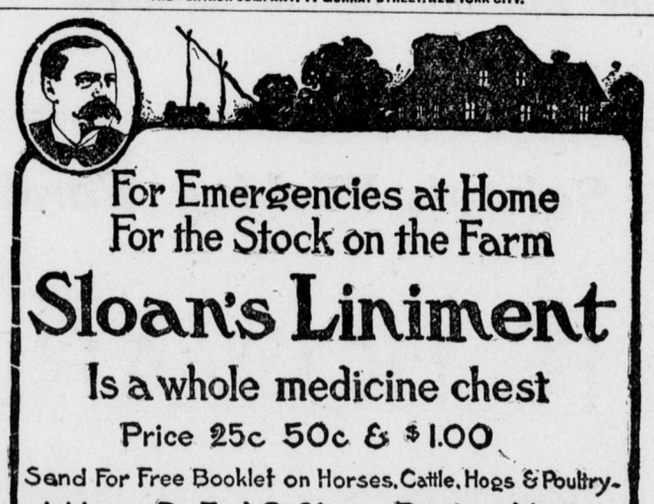
CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

Bears the Signature Of Chas. H. Fletcher. In Use For Over Thirty Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



For Emergencies at Home
For the Stock on the Farm

Sloan's Liniment

Is a whole medicine chest

Price 25c 50c & $1.00

Send For Free Booklet on Horses, Cattle, Hogs & Poultry.

Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass.

ALWAYS TO THE FRONT. WHO?

C. B. Howard & Co.,

ON THE RIALTO, EMPORIUM, PA.

Good Christmas Cheer.

We wish to announce to the public we are still in existence, and have a full line of Groceries, Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes and anything in the General Merchandise Line

NOTICE OUR LINE OF DRY GOODS.

Dress Goods, Muslins, Outing Flannels, Table Linen, Napkins, Towels, Table Oilcloth, Prints, Ginghams and every and anything in the line, which we sell less than city prices.

GROCERIES.

A Few of the Things that go to Make up a Good Christmas Dinner.

Canned Corn, Beans, Peas, Beets, Baked Beans. All kinds of Fruit, Prunes, Currants, Raisins, Meats of all kinds Cream, Switzer and Royal Cheese. Best Tub and Creamery Butter, Pure Spices or anything you wish in the line at the lowest prices.

Gents', Ladies, Boys', and Children's Shoes and Rubbers of all Kinds.

CLOTHING

Overalls, Shirts, Wool and Cotton Socks, Gloves, Hats, Caps, Wool and Cotton Underwear, Storm Coats, Boy's and Men's Pants, which we are selling regardless of cost.

Notions Ladies' and Gents' Hankerchiefs, Rouchings, Ribbons and Laces of all kinds, Embroideries Insertions, Ladies Belts, all kinds of yarn, Gloves, Mittens or anything in the notion line, suitable for Christmas presents.

Space will not permit us to call your attention to Thousands other Articles too Numerous to Mention.

Sunday Schools Wishing Candy for Christmas Should See Us.

YOURS ETC.,

C. B. HOWARD & COMPANY.

CHRISTMAS AND ECONOMY

A Day of Reckoning Sure to Follow Holiday Extravagance.

By MARGERET SANGSTER.

(Copyrighted.)

THE spell of the yule-tide lasts very much longer than the yule-tide itself. Weeks before Christmas holidays we are all thinking about them, wondering what we can do to make them better holidays than we have ever had, planning surprises for everybody from the grandparents to the little ones toddling about the nursery floor and keying ourselves to concert pitch over the whole matter.

America as a nation is growing immensely rich among the nations of the earth, but while men of wealth are no longer extraordinary, the rank and file still have and always will have limited means, so that thrift is a golden virtue at Christmas as well as at other periods of the year.

* * * * *

Sometimes there is complaint at home that father is moody and taciturn, and a little management and tact are in order before mother and the girls ask him for money, the fact being that the poor man is borrowing right and left, and is almost beside himself to meet the drain on his resources.

Several years ago, soon after the glow of the yule-tide had faded into the ashen embers of mid-winter, a business man was taken ill. Dragging along through the weeks of February and March, the victim it seemed of a mysterious malady, he died and was buried during Easter week. When his affairs were settled, they were found to be extremely involved. The entire scheme of living for the family had to be reconstructed, and with pangs of agony those whom he had loved discovered that their extravagance had really sapped the springs of his life. They were not altogether to blame. Husbands are not invariably frank and candid with wives. Fathers dislike to let sons and daughters know that they have anxieties; they resort to every legitimate or illegitimate means to gratify those who bear their name, and in the end if a crash does not come, there are heart burnings and distress that might as well have been avoided.

When the yule-tide casts upon us a spell of foreboding or leaves a legacy of importunate creditors, it has been robbed of its finest essence and defrauded of its noblest meaning.

* * * * *

It is our misfortune that we cannot divest ourselves of a feeling that to make the home happy we must spend too much money for our mental comfort. Never was there a greater mistake. Pleasure in the household depends on simplicity far more than we think. Children often turn away from the playthings that have cost a goodly sum in dollars and cents, and find their delight in something cheap which they may use at their pleasure. The costly doll imported from Paris and dressed in the height of the fashion is shown with pride by its owner to her little friends, but it is not the doll which gives most satisfaction. It is not the doll that the child plays with. Very likely her mother considers it too fine to be spoiled and puts it away in the closet except on state occasions. A doll on the closet shelf may be a marvel of elegance, but it brings no particular gratification to the child who seldom sees it.

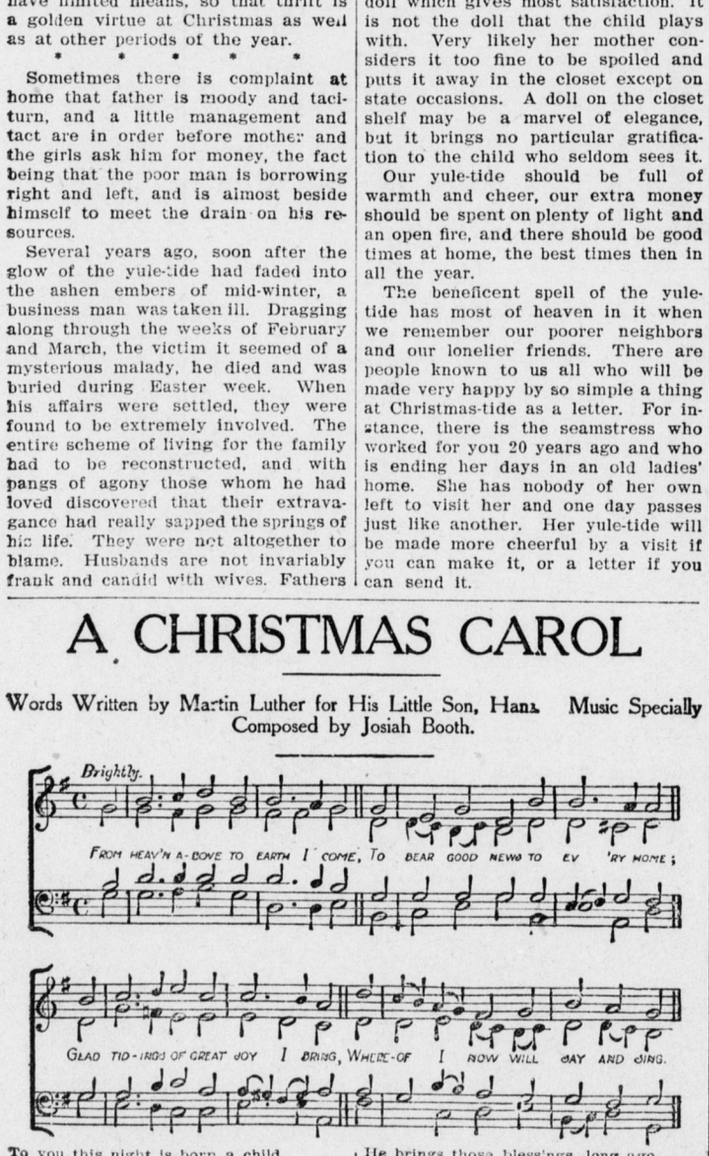
Our yule-tide should be full of warmth and cheer, our extra money should be spent on plenty of light and an open fire, and there should be good times at home, the best times then in all the year.

The beneficent spell of the yule-tide has most of heaven in it when we remember our poorer neighbors and our lonelier friends. There are people known to us all who will be made very happy by so simple a thing at Christmas-tide as a letter. For instance, there is the seamstress who worked for you 20 years ago and who is ending her days in an old ladies' home. She has nobody of her own left to visit her and one day passes just like another. Her yule-tide will be made more cheerful by a visit if you can make it, or a letter if you can send it.

Christmas Bells.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Words Written by Martin Luther for His Little Son, Hans. Music Specially Composed by Josiah Booth.


Brightly.
FROM HEAV'N A-BOVE TO EARTH I COME, TO BEAR GOOD NEWS TO EV 'RY HOME;
GLAD TID-INGS OF GREAT JOY I BRING, WHERE-OF I NOW WILL SAY AND SING.

To you this night is born a child
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;
This little child, of lowly birth,
Shall be the joy of all the earth.

'Tis Christ our God who far on high
Hath heard your sad and bitter cry;
Himself will your salvation be,
Himself from sin will make you free.

He brings those blessings, long ago
Prepared by God for all below;
Henceforth His Kingdom open stands
To you, as to the angel bands.

These are the tokens ye shall mark:
The swaddling clothes and manger dark;
There shall ye find the young child laid,
By whom the Heavens and earth were made.

WAS NO DUTCHMAN

SAINT PATRICK REPLACED SANTA CLAUS AT CHRISTIAN CELEBRATION.

But Dugan Had to Have Several Doubts Dispelled Before He Would Accept the Job at the Mission.

"Oi 'm a union man," said Dugan, slowly, "an' no scab. An' 't is right Oi sh'u'd work, whin on strike, if ut 's work for a union man, an' not a scab job. But is th' mission a 'fair' shop, Oi dunno!"

Miss Jones' eyes sparkled.

"It belongs to a union," she said.

"Oi dunno that wan," said Dugan.

"It 's the Sunday School union," said Miss Jones.

"An' kin Oi git a card in th' union, Oi dunno," said Dugan, doubtfully. "Widout a card Oi c'u'd not tek th' job. Thim is th' rules."

"We can get you a card," said Miss Jones; "we can get you a regular Sunday school card and enroll your name on the membership list of the mission, which is a branch of the International union."

Dugan rubbed his chin.

"Oi dunno, is there, mebby, a Santa Claus union?" he said, slowly. "They be so hang manny unions these days. Phwat is this Santa Claus loike, now? Phwat is th' job of him?"

"Well," said Miss Jones, cheerfully, "all you have to do is to wear the suit and go up the ladder and take down the toys and candy and pop corn and hand them to the children when they come to the foot of the ladder. I know you will like that, Mr. Dugan, the children are so happy when they get their presents. They all love Santa Claus. You know he was the good old children's patron saint, in Holland—"

"Oh, ho!" said Dugan; "Dutch, is he? An' Oi 'm t' be a Dutch-Irishmen, am Oi? No, ma'am! Git some other Santa Claus. Niver was a Dugan a Dutchman, Miss Jones, an' niver will a Dugan be wan. Dom th' Dutch! Look how they be gittin' all th' janitor jobs these days! Oi 'll be no Dutch saint fer yez. Sooner w'u'd Oi see a Dutchman be Saint Patrick!"

"All right!" said Miss Jones, promptly; "then you can be Saint Patrick. It does n't matter the least. We would quite as willingly have you be Saint Patrick."

"That is more loike!" said Dugan, with satisfaction. "Saint Patrick Oi will be, an' gladly, ma'm, fer he was the grandest saint of all of thim, an' niver a Dutch saint was knee high t' him. Saint Patrick Oi will be."

"Of course," said Miss Jones, "we will pay you the regular Sunday School union wages for Saint Patrick. They are a little less than for Santa Claus."

Her eyes twinkled as she said it, but Dugan received it soberly.

"Let be!" he said; "'t is little enough did they pay double wages for a man t' pretend t' be a Dutch saint. 'T is a wonder annywan but a scab will tek th' job."—Success Magazine.

CUROSITIES ABOUT CHRISTMAS.

Some Peculiar Customs Connected With the Christian Holiday.

The celebration of Christmas as a special festival is said to have begun in the first century, and during the life of the Apostle John one tradition of the church accredits him with inaugurating the custom.

In England the Christmas decorations may remain in the churches during the month of January, but must all be cleared away before February 2, or Candlemas day.

In France it is a common practice to celebrate Christmas by giving an extra ration to all domestic animals, on the theory that all creatures should rejoice at this season.

In the fourth century, the celebration of Christmas was fixed by the Latin church for December 25. Before that time, it had been a movable festival, like Easter.

Santa Claus was introduced into America by the Dutch, of Holland. He is the American representation of the German Knecht Rupert.

Among the English common people, Christmas is lucky when it falls on Sunday, and unlucky when Saturday is the day of the Nativity.

Christmas mince pies in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were made with a coffin-shaped crust, to represent the manger.

In Silesia there is a superstition that a boy born on Christmas day must be brought up a lawyer, or he will become a thief.

In all the states Christmas is a legal holiday, and in South Carolina the two following days are also holidays.

The leaves proper to use in Christmas decorations are those of holly, mistletoe, laurel and rosemary.

In Spain it is believed by the common people that the ants hold religious service on Christmas day.

In Old England plum porridge was always served with the first course of a Christmas dinner.

The custom of giving presents on Christmas day is general throughout the Christian world.

The Eastern church formerly observed Christmas on January 6.

Only Fair.

"Do you think then the Santa Claus myth is in accord with a higher intellectual development?"

"Certainly," answered the genial person. "I do not see why the children should not have a Santa Claus, if the grown-ups amuse themselves with the heroes of the Wagnerian musical dramas."—Chicago Journal.

CHRISTMAS PREPARATIONS

BY WILLIAM CHALMERS COVERT.

Of the Heart

Open it wide and let the radiant atmosphere that beautified those silent Judaean hilltops sweep in. Let the theme of the angels' song echo and reecho that it may awaken within the impulses of good will and make life ready and willing for the service of the Christ.

Of the Mind

Let it follow again the steps of the Wise Men and refresh its store of understanding with new and nearer knowledge of what they saw. Let the facts well-nigh meaningless through their familiarity and well-nigh forgotten through our zeal for buying and selling, rise to view clearer than ever and tell with greater meaning their wonderful story.

Of the Hand

Let it serve without murmuring. It plies the trade that makes the whole world glad. Let it sew and paint and weave and carve and earn the daily wage, that to the total joy of the Christmas world it may add its part. Let it labor and be glad of weariness, knowing that it hastens the coming and prolongs the memory of the gladdest hour in life's calendar.—Interior.

THREE CHRISTMASES EACH YEAR

In Palestine the Day Is Celebrated on Three Different Dates.

That "Christmas comes but once a year" is not a correct statement to make in Bethlehem of the Holy Land, for it comes three times, officially and ecclesiastically, authorized by the usages of centuries. The first Christmas, which falls on the 25th of December, is celebrated by the Latins and Protestants. This date accords with the calendar as reformed by Pope Gregory XIII. in 1582 A. D. The Latin or Western Christian church is not, and never has been, known by the name of Roman Catholic to the natives of either Palestine, Syria or Egypt, but always as the "Latin" church.

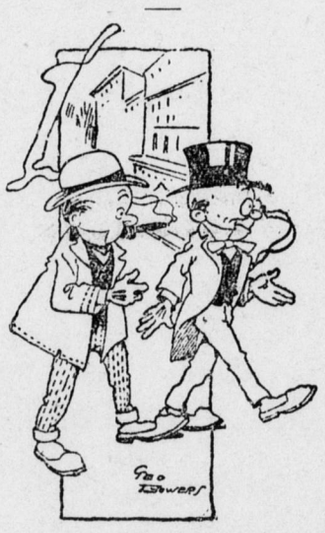
But what in Europe and America is known as the Greek Orthodox, or Russo-Greek Communion, the Eastern Christian church has always, and still is, called "Roumee," or Roman, by the native population, as also officially by the Ottoman government, it being the communion recognized by the Moslems when they conquered the Byzantine provinces. The "Roumee," or Greek Orthodox church still adheres to the Julian calendar, adjusted by Julius Caesar 46 B. C., by which count the 25th of December falls on our 6th of January, celebrated by us as Epiphany and "Old Christmas." The Armenian church has also a different ecclesiastical calendar, which brings its Christmas on the 18th of January.

IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Peculiar Ceremony With Which Christmas Is Celebrated by Indians.

Some of the tribes of South American Indians celebrate Christmas with a great deal of show and ceremony. Not the least important part of the celebrations is the parade of the chief and high functionaries of the tribe, all gorgeously ornamented with necklaces of bush-hogs' teeth, long strings of seeds or beads, crowns of beautiful feathers, trailing decorations of bright-colored birds' skins, and painted and spotted in varied patterns. The chief always heads the procession, carrying a baby on a rude wooden platter.—Peoples Home Journal.

THERE WERE OTHERS.



Jones—My wife was hunting last week.

Smith—In the mountains for rabbits?

Jones—No — in the department stores—for bargains.

Light Collections.

Good Deacon—Seems to me the collections are becoming very light.

Beloved Pastor (gloomily)—They always are this time of year; the ladies are saving up their money for Christmas slippers for me.—N. Y. Weekly.

A FRONTIER CHRISTMAS

George Ely Ran Forward.

THE times were flush; there had been good crops, and an abundant harvest had been gathered and stored away. The people on old Lick creek, in Ralls county, Mo., were happy and eager to enjoy themselves. The country was sparsely settled, and there was little to be had that was good to eat or drink nearer than the town of Florida, on Salt river, where Squire Clemens, the father of Mark Twain, kept a store.

They danced all night under the hospitable roof where sat old Uncle Rhuebin Reddish, Aunt Lou extending them a warm welcome; then they went home with Rube Purvis to eat bear meat, and from there to Uncle Harry's and Aunt Edy's, where venison was broiling and bee gums had been robbed.

Christmas eve day was bright and pretty. The sun broke through a rift of clouds and the revelers were fairly intoxicated with joy. They intended to spend the night and Christmas day at the Widow Mackelroy's, where there was plenty of room and an abundance of good things to eat and drink.

The Widow Mackelroy was with the crowd. She had left Uncle Ned and Aunt Polly to look after her house, telling them that if they went away to close the doors. The faithful old servants were not liable to go farther than some cabins occupied by colored people, and the widow knew that they would answer the summons of the ranch bell. Though it was Christmas time she never dreamed that the negroes would leave the place.

Old Ned and Aunt Polly did leave the house, and a big black bear must have been watching them when they walked away. He had doubtless scented the odor of a Christmas feast. It was easy for bruin to smash one of the kitchen windows and enter the apartment unmolested. After feasting upon such things as had not been securely hidden away, the bear probably prowled through the house until his curiosity was satisfied, and then, finding a dark corner under the stairway in the hall, he laid down and closed his eyes to pleasant dreams.

This audacity was the result of careless training on the part of one James Irvin, an old bachelor of the vicinity, who had made a pet of this same bear, Bolivar, as the bear was called, frequently answered the call of the wild. In his youth Bolivar was an interesting pet. He was capable of performing many tricks, and he was an accomplished wrestler.

The crowd of Christmas ramblers reached the Widow Mackelroy's house about dark on Christmas eve. The lively young widow led the way to unlock doors, and the boys and girls followed, snowballing and singing Christmas carols.

The widow was in the act of making some interesting discoveries in the kitchen, and a dozen couples of dancers were moving over the parlor floor in harmony with music that was loud and fast, when shrieks and screams echoed through the rooms, and those who were able to command their senses saw a monster black bear entering the parlor on his hind feet and swinging his forelegs invitingly, as if seeking a partner for a waltz. The ballroom instantly presented a scene of the wildest excitement. Boys and girls who were near windows lost no time in making their escape. The bear cut off the retreat of a considerable crowd and hemmed them in a corner of the room. Bolivar pranced in front of these, licking froth from his red lips and glaring into the faces of the screaming girls as if he were trying to select a dainty one for his Christmas supper. George Ely, a young man who was proud of his strength and his ability to hit hard blows, ran forward and struck the bear on the side of the head. Bolivar shook his ear as if he were tickled, and, turning about, he seized the amazed young man with his powerful paws and drew him to his breast. The bear was becoming angry, and he would soon have crushed every rib in George's body if the youth's sweetheart had not come to his rescue.

Mary Goodwin had been dancing with George Ely and when the bear entered the room the thoughtful girl ran to the fireplace and seized an iron poker. It proved a good weapon. It was an iron bar about four feet in length, and it had been in use so long that one end had worn to a sharp point. Its effectiveness had been improved by a young man who had stuck the sharp end in the fire for the purpose of using it to take the chill from a pitcher of hard cider.

When Mary Goodwin saw her lover's face distorted with pain as he struggled to get loose from the mad bear's powerful arms she ran to his assistance, "Help! For God's sake, help me, boys!" shouted George. The bear was trying to fasten his teeth in his victim's throat, when the brave girl thrust the red-hot point of the iron bar behind the monster's foreshoulder and threw her whole weight upon it. The sharp point slipped between the bear's ribs and entered his heart.

With an angry growl Bolivar sank in a heap upon the ballroom floor, and George Ely staggered away, to fall, gasping for breath, in the arms of his quick-witted, fearless sweetheart.

Bolivar was barbecued on Christmas day, 1854. During those same holidays George and Mary were married.

Bits from the Trees

Hence the Mistletoe.

Florence—Don't you remember that last Christmas you broke your engagement?

Geraldine—Yes; but I'm a year older now.

* * *

SORROW OF IT.

Mildred—Oh, dear! I wish I knew what to give Mr. Slowboy for a Christmas present.

Helen—Why don't you give him your heart, dear?

Mildred—The big goose has it already, but he doesn't know it.

* * *

The Sum.

Knicker—Christmas mathematics are puzzling.

Bocker—Yes, you put down tens and carry everything.

* * *

An Explanation.

"Women are naturally more artistic than men."

"Yes," answered the matter of fact person, "that's why so many of us look funny when we wear our Christmas neckties and smoking jackets. Our wives want us to look artistic."

Dry Goods, Notions,
Toys, Dolls, Candy,
Mechanical Toys,
Groceries and
Fresh Meats Daily.

CHAS. DIEHL

"The Up-to-date Store"

MUSIC!
ALL THE LATEST AIRS
AT POPULAR PRICES.
A Large Line of Shoes and
Rubbers. Ask to see our
Stoughton Shoe.

Grand Opening of Holiday Goods

AT THE CHRISTMAS STORE.

We begin the holiday trade with a larger, better selected and more complete stock than ever before. The store is packed with exclusive novelties especially selected for their appropriatness for Holiday giving. The store service leaves nothing to be desired. Every convenience is at your disposal and our corteous and obliging clerks are alert to your every wish. You will save time and money by doing your shopping here.

Music

Claric Waltzes.
The Little Joker.
Peter Piper,
The Stars are Still Shining for You.
You'r a Grand Old Flag, and a hundred more of the latest popular sheet music.

Plaids.

As fine an assortment of plaids for dresses as ever came to town. Scotch plaids in every color. Call and let us show you what we have in dress goods.

Perfumes and Handkerchiefs

A fine line of each. Silk and linen handkerchiefs.

Holly Wreaths and Christmas Tree Ornaments.

Call and let us show you our full line of Holiday goods.

Candy

A larger line than we have ever had before and a fine display of Christmas candy in packages, too numerous to tell you about. Come and see. Candy for everyone from 10 per lb. to 75c per lb.

Plaid Ribbon.

220 yards of the prettiest plaid ribbons, in all effects. Plain ribbon and holly ribbon, all kinds of ribbon for every one. One lot of plaid ribbon at 10c per yard.

Sofa Pillows.

Pillow Tops, Books, writing Paper, Games, Mouth Organs, Lunch Cloths, Linen Towels, Dolls, Doll Beds, and Dishes. Everything complete for gifts for children, wife, husband or sweetheart.

None Better.

The Stouton Shoe is the best for men and boys, no matter what their work may be. The price is right, the shoe is right, and sold with a guarantee.

Boxes containing 1-2 dozen dainty handkerchiefs for Ladies also gents' in Xmas boxes.

Boxes containing one ladies belt, latest styles, handsome buckle.

Boxes containing one pair suspenders. Very pretty.

Paper Napkins.

A Complete Line

Of ladies, children's, men's and boys rubbers of all description. Also a fine line of dressy shoes and a gun metal shoe for little girls, made to stand the wear and tear and the cold weather.

Mechanical Toys. Ask to see "Foxy Grandpa", "Buster Brown" and the "Autos."

Dolls, they are dressed and New York dressed.

Shirt Waist Patterns for the ladies no two alike.

Japanese Lanters.

Dishes.

A few of the prettiest, selected from r large assortment of samples and only the daintiest and prettiest patterns were selected by us.

Sewing Boxes for the beginner and her Mamma, too.

Boxes containing the best chocolates and bon bons ever put on the market. Diggets and Bostonians.

A No. 1 York State
Potatoes 65c bushel
(Delivered.)

Large Line of Christmas Toys and Games for Old and Young.

CHARLES DIEHL.

West Fifth Street.

WILL NOT BE CRIPPLED

TREATMENT SUCCESSFUL

The Maddening Disease, Rheumatism, Easily Cured With URIC-O.

It might interest Rheumatic sufferers of this country to learn the wonderful work that Uric-O is doing towards the relief and cure of this dreaded disease. Letters of praise are received daily from men and women who have used the remedy with the greatest success. The manufacturers of this wonderful Specific have never solicited a testimonial or a word of praise from people who have used the remedy. Yet, letters like the one given below are being received from both old and young.

Mr. Reuben Whipple, grocery clerk, of Glens Falls, N. Y., says:—I was laid up with severe form of Rheumatism, and was confined to my room for nine weeks. A sample bottle of Uric-O, and one regular bottle has worked a wonderful change in me. It has entirely cured my Rheumatism, and I am now able to go about my work again. I recommended the remedy to Mr. John Harris, of East Lake George, who was unable to walk. He had taken every possible treatment, had spent hundreds of dollars, and had found no relief. He is taking Uric-O, and is improving rapidly, and able to be out around. I will continue to recommend Uric-O, as it is certainly a merited remedy.

Uric-O is sold by Druggists generally at $1.00 per bottle, or it will be sent by the SMITH DRUG COMPANY, of SYRACUSE, N. Y., upon receipt of price. Liberal size samples and circulars will be mailed free to all who apply for same.

Uric-O is sold in Emporium by L. Taggart. 32ly.

THE

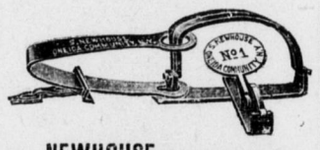
Windsor Hotel

Between 12th and 13th Sts., on Filbert St.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Three minutes WALK from the Reading Terminal.
Five minutes WALK from the Penn'a R. R. Depot.
European Plan $1.00 per day and upwards.
American Plan $2.00 per day.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY TRAPS



The **NEWHOUSE** TRAP is the best in the world. It is a perfect machine. Hand-fitted! Thoroughly inspected and tested!

The **VICTOR** TRAP is the only reliable low-priced trap. Don't buy cheap imitations. Be sure the Trap Pan reads as follows:

ASK ANY TRAPPER

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE
Send 25 cents for the Newhouse TRAPPERS' GUIDE. *Tells best method of trapping and skinning game. Send to Dept. A, Oneida Community, Ltd., Oneida, N. Y.*

HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER
The only MAGAZINE *devoted to the interests of the trapper. Send 10 cents for copy.*
A. R. HARDING PUB. CO., Columbus, Ohio

TIME TABLE No. 29.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R. R.

Taking effect Nov. 1, 1905.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	12&6	8	2	10	4
	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Port Allegany,.. Lv.	5 10	9 30	11 40	2 45	7 12
Chemical Works....	∞	*9 34	∞	∞	∞
Burtville,.....	5 20	9 40	11 50	2 55	7 22
Roulette,.....	5 28	9 48	11 58	3 03	7 30
Knowlton's,.....	*5 32	*9 52	*12 02	*3 07	∞
Mina,.....	*5 38	9 58	*12 08	3 13	7 40
Olmsted,.....	*5 42	10 02	*12 12	*3 17	*7 44
Coudersport. Ar.	5 50	10 10	12 20	3 25	∞
Coudersport. Lv.	A. M.	.....	1 00	.....	7 52
	*8 00	.....			
North Coudersport,	∞	.....	*1 05	.....	.....
Frink's,.....	*6 10	.....	*1 12	.....	.....
Colesburg,.....	*6 17	.....	1 19	.....	.....
Seven Bridges,.....	*6 21	.....	*1 23	.....	.....
Raymonds,.....	*6 30	.....	1 33	.....	.....
Gold,.....	6 35	.....	1 38	.....	.....
Newfield,.....	∞	.....	1 42	.....	.....
Newfield Junction,..	6 45	.....	1 50	.....	.....
Perkins,.....	*6 48	.....	*1 53	.....	.....
Carpenter's,.....	∞	.....	*1 56	.....	.....
Crowell's,.....	*6 54	.....	*2 59	.....	.....
Ulysses,.....	7 05	.....	2 10	.....	.....
		A. M.	P. M.	.....	.....

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	7	1	3	9	5
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.		P. M.
Port Allegany, ...	4 50	9 10	2 30	4 55	6 50
Chemical works	∞	∞	*2 24	∞	
Burtville,.....	*4 37	8 57	2 17	4 42	6 37
Roulette,.....	4 30	8 50	2 10	4 35	6 30
Knowlton's,.....	∞	∞	*2 05	*4 30	*6 25
Mina,.....	4 20	8 40	2 00	4 25	6 20
Olmsted,.....	*4 15	*8 35	*1 55	4 20	*6 15
Coudersport,.. Ar.	4 10	8 30	1 50	4 15	6 10
Coudersport,.. Lv.	P. M.		P. M.	P. M.	
	.....	8 25	.....	.....	5 05
North Coudersport,	.....	∞	.....	.....	*5 00
Frink's,.....	.....	*8 14	.....	.....	*4 52
Colesburg,.....	.....	*8 07	.....	.....	4 45
Seven Bridges,.....	.....	*8 02	.....	.....	*4 40
Raymond's	.....	*7 52	.....	.....	4 30
Gold.....	.....	7 47	.....	.....	4 25
Newfield	.....	*7 43	.....	.....	*4 21
Newfield Junction,..	.....	7 40	.....	.....	3 58
Perkins,.....	.....	*7 33	.....	.....	*3 53
Carpenter's,.....	.....	*7 30	.....	.....	*3 50
Crowell's,.....	.....	*7 27	.....	.....	*3 47
Ulysses,.....Lv.	.....	7 20	.....	.....	3 40

Train 15 arrives at Port Allegany at 8:50 on Sunday.

Train 14 leaves Port Allegany on Sunday at 8:10 p. m.

(*) Flag stations. (∞) Trains do not stop (†) Telegraph offices.

Trains run week days only.

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

Connections—At Ulysses with Fall Brook R'y for points north and south. At B. & S. Junction with Buffalo & Susquehanna R. R. north for Wellsville, south for Galeton and Addison. At Port Allegany with Pennsylvania R. R., north for Buffalo, Olean, Bradford and Smethport; south for Keating Summit, Austin, Emporium and Penn'a R. R., points.

B. A. McCLURE, Gen'l Supt.
Coudersport, Pa.

How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

No Opium in Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

There is not the least danger in giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to small children as it contains no opium or other harmful drug. It has an established reputation of more than thirty years as the most successful medicine in use for colds, croup and whooping cough. It always cures and is pleasant to take. Children like it. Sold by L. Taggart; J. E. Smith, Sterling Run; Crum Bros., Sinnamahoning.

E. C. DeWitt & Co., of Chicago, at whose laboratory Kodol is prepared, assure us that this remarkable digestant and corrective for the stomach conforms fully to all provisions of the National Pure Food and Drug Law. The Kodol laboratory is a very large one, but if all the sufferers from indigestion and stomach troubles could know the virtues of Kodol it would be impossible for the manufacturers to keep up with the demand. Kodol is sold here by R. C. Dodson.

Warning.

All persons are hereby forbidden from respassing upon the property of this Company without a permit from this office, or the Superintendant at the works.

KEYSTONE POWDER MFG. CO.
Emporium, Pa., August 1st, 1903.
24-tf.

King of all Cough Medicines.

E. G. Case, a mail carriier of Canton Center, Conn., who has been in the U. S. Service for about sixteen years says: "We have tried many cough medicines for croup, but Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is king of all and one to be relied upon every time. We also find it the best remedy for coughs and colds, giving certain results and leaving no bad after effects. For sale by L. Taggart; J. E. Smith, Sterling Run; Crum Bros., Sinnamahoning.

For chapped and cracked hands nothing is quite as good as an application of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Put it on before going to bed, use an old pair of gloves and see what a difference the morning wil bring. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

It is a mistake to use a violent cathartic to open the bowels. A gentle movement will accomplish the same results without causing distress or serious consequences later. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are recommended. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

Register's Notice.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, CAMERON COUNTY, } SS:

NOTICE is hereby given that Elmer E. Klock, Administrator of the estate, of Anna B. McConnell, late of the Borough of Emporium deceased, has filled his first and final account of his administration of the said estate and the same will be presented to the Orphan's Court at December term next for confirmation *ni si*

C. J. GOODNOUGH, Register.

Register's Office, Emporium, Pa., Nov. 19th, 1906. } 44-4t.

Chamberlain's
Colic, Cholera & Diarrhea Remedy

Almost every family has need of a reliable remedy for colic or diarrhea at some time during the year.

This remedy is recommended by dealers who have sold it for many years and know its value.

It has received thousands of testimonials from grateful people.

It has been prescribed by physicians with the most satisfactory results.

It has often saved life before medicine could have been sent for or a physician summoned.

It only costs a quarter. Can you afford to risk so much for so little? BUY IT NOW.

HUMPHREYS'

Veterinary Specifics cure diseases of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs and Poultry by acting directly on the SICK PARTS without loss of time.

A. A. CURES } FEVERS, Congestions, Inflammations, Lung Fever, Milk Fever.
B. B. CURES } SPRAINS, Lameness, Injuries, Rheumatism.
C. C. CURES } SORE THROAT, Quinsy, Epizootic, Distemper.
D. D. CURES } WORMS, Bots, Grubs.
E. E. CURES } COUGHS, Colds, Influenza, Inflamed Lungs, Pleuro-Pneumonia.
F. F. CURES } COLIC, Bellyache, Wind-Blown, Diarrhea, Dysentery.
G. G. Prevents MISCARRIAGE.
H. H. CURES } KIDNEY & BLADDER DISORDERS.
I. I. CURES } SKIN DISEASES, Mange, Eruptions, Ulcers, Grease, Farcy.
J. K. CURES } BAD CONDITION, Staring Coat, Indigestion, Stomach Staggers.

60c. each; Stable Case, Ten Specifics, Book, &c., $7. At druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Humphreys' Medicine Co., Cor. William and John Streets, New York.

BOOK MAILED FREE.

Santa Claus In Salt Lake

Where the Good Saint Got the Surprise of His Life.

TO a thrifty Morman household came the patron saint of Yule;
He was puffing like an engine, he was laden like a mule,
For he knew a row of stockings such as nowhere else is seen
Would be yawning there before him in the home of Elder Green.
So he shoved his pack ahead of him and started down the flue,
While he muttered, "This is something that I hate like smoke to do."
Then he followed with reluctance through the Smooty, smudgy air,
Quickly landing where the hosiery was hung in many a pair.

SEVEN PAIRS, ALL BABY SIZES.

There were papa's socks and twenty pairs of lengthy wifely hose;
There were socks for Eddie, Willie, for Eliphalet and Mose;
There were stockings of Matilda's, Esmeralda's and Susanne's;
There were Charley's hose and Molly's, Cora Belle's and little Dan's.
Amaryllis, George, Alphonso, Peter, Joseph, Maud, Eugene,
Arthur, Lizzie, James, Amelia, Mary, Frances and Irene,
Briggie, Reed, Lucile, Clorinda, Arethusa, John, Estelle,
Mattie, Lucifer, Elfrida—from his lips their titles fell.

But about the shelf there dangled other hose whose owners' names
He could not recall to save him as he watched the dying flames—
Seven pairs, all baby sizes, each in age not quite a year.
"Gee!" cried Nick. "Been something doing since the last time I was here!
Glad I brought a stock of rattles and a lot of teething rings—
Utah always gives a market for such kindergarten things.
From 'race suicide' she ever has discreetly held aloof,
And there's not a home in Zion free from stork tracks on the roof."

—Judge.

The Modern Mistletoe.

Prominent in the Christmas revels and, with the holly, most essentially "Christmasy" of all the plants used was the mistletoe. With us the old significance and sacredness have gone, leaving but charm enough to give the well known privilege to the man who meets a girl beneath it. There exists also in some places the tradition that the girl who is not kissed under the mistletoe will not be married for a year. (The present writer once knew a thoughtful and provident damsel who wore a hat trimmed with the sacred plant.) But the kiss permitted in olden time was originally of the religious variety, our mistletoe celebration being borrowed from Scandinavian lore. —Critic.

Said Little Socrates.

"Some generous person," said little Socrates Bulginbrow of Boston, "has been kind enough to send me a copy of Mother Goose's lyrics for Christmas. Do you know, the theory that a representative of the bovine genus at one time leaped over the chief luminary of the night leads to some interesting calculations as to the muscular development of the cows of that time. I have ascertained that they must have been endowed with strength proportionate to that of the flea of the present day."—Baltimore American.

A Hard Headed Boy.

"Dar's jes' dis about it," said Mammy Minerva. "I's gotter han' dat Pickaninny Jim over to de Society Foh de Prevention o' Cruelty to Animals."

"What's he been doin'?"

"We give him a goat foh a Christmas present, an' Jim an' de goat got to playin' rough, an' de fus' thing I knowed Jim he done los' his temper an' butted dat goat almos' to def!"

He Knew the Boy.

Head of Firm—You had better give the office boy a couple of dollars, Mr. Penwiper, for Christmas.

Mr. Penwiper (the bookkeeper)—I think we had better make it a New Year's gift, sir. I have just sent him out with a telegram, and I don't think he will get back by Christmas.—Brooklyn Citizen.

H. C. FRITZ,
Decorating and Sign Co.,
No. 8, South Market Square,
HARRISBURG, PA.

Estimates given on all kinds of decorating, artistic paper hanging and painting. Would be glad to correspond with Cameron county patrons who may have work in my line.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

Foley's Honey and Tar
for children, safe, sure. No opiates.

E. A. PYLE,
GENERAL
Insurance Agency

Fire, Life, Health and Accident, Employers Liability, Boiler Insurance, Plate Glass, Surety Bonds.

OFFICE—CLIMAX BLDG.
Fourth Street, Emporium, Pa.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

Pure Candy

The Syrup of Purity and Wholesomeness

The best candy for the children is home made candy—if made right. To know how good candy can be, try making it with Karo Corn Syrup. Karo Corn Syrup is just the sweetness and goodness of the corn—full of purity, nutrition and health. Everything about it is clean. It's packed in a cleanly manner. It's clean to handle—clean from corn to candy. The children will like it. Tell them the more they pull the candy the whiter it becomes.

Karo Corn Syrup is *good* for all home uses from ... cakes to candy. Sold in airtight, friction-top ... which keep it pure and good as long as it lasts. 10c, 25c, 50c. All grocers.

Pure as the Daw

Protect your Valuables

Next to a safe or vault, the "Transite" Document Box is the best receptacle for your jewelry and valuable papers. Made of asbestos it is FIRE PROOF; and when exposed to fire keeps its contents in perfect condition. Attractively finished in green leatherette, with brass handle, lock and hinges. $3.50 to $6.00 according to size. Write for full description.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE COMPANY
218-220 First Avenue. Dept. B, PITTSBURG

SECOND TO NONE.

ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON CO.
396-408 Main Street,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

OPENING HOLIDAY GOODS

The Chrirtmas Store is now at its best with its full and complete stocks of

Gift Goods

Everything that you see in other stores will be found here in larger stocks, greater assortments, better qualities and at lower prices.

Furs,
Neckwear,
Art Goods,
Gloves, Hosiery,
Umbrellas,
Bath Robes,
Smoking Jackets,
Handkerchiefs,
Cut Glass, China,
Silverware,
Toilets, Jewelry,
Books, Stationery,
Oriental Rugs.

OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

Will tell you about all the new things and give you suggestions for gifts.

ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON CO.
American Block, Buffalo, N. Y.

Model Bakery and Restaurant

Keystone Block, Emporium, Pa.

Special for the Holidays

Booth's High Grade Chocolates, finest on the market, in ½lb, 1lb. and 2lb. boxes, ranging in price from 60c to $2.50 per box. Also fine line of Chocolates in bulk. Mixed Candies in great abundance.

Fruits, Nuts and Fancy Baking.

Caterers to Parties, Banquets and Weddings

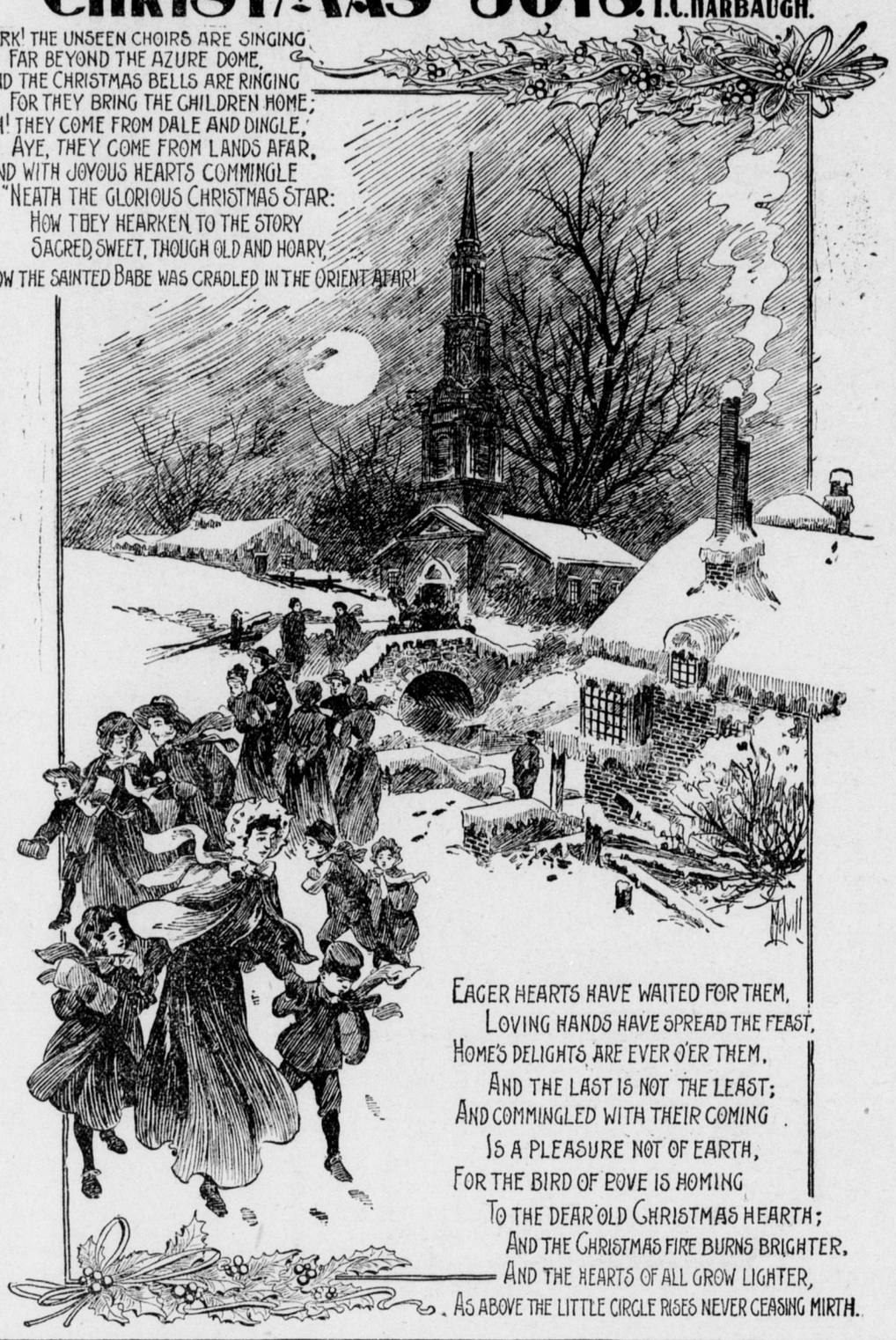
Leave your order early for Christmas and New Year, in order that all may be supplied.

Meals at all hours in our Resturant. Oysters, Clams, Lobsters, Crabs, Etc. Sunday dinner, 35c. Try us. Fair trial is all we ask.

McCANN & STERNER.

CHRISTMAS JOYS. BY T.C. HARBAUGH.

HARK! THE UNSEEN CHOIRS ARE SINGING
FAR BEYOND THE AZURE DOME.
AND THE CHRISTMAS BELLS ARE RINGING
FOR THEY BRING THE CHILDREN HOME;
AH! THEY COME FROM DALE AND DINGLE,
AYE, THEY COME FROM LANDS AFAR,
AND WITH JOYOUS HEARTS COMMINGLE
'NEATH THE GLORIOUS CHRISTMAS STAR:
HOW THEY HEARKEN TO THE STORY
SACRED, SWEET, THOUGH OLD AND HOARY,
HOW THE SAINTED BABE WAS CRADLED IN THE ORIENT AFAR!



EAGER HEARTS HAVE WAITED FOR THEM,
LOVING HANDS HAVE SPREAD THE FEAST,
HOME'S DELIGHTS ARE EVER O'ER THEM,
AND THE LAST IS NOT THE LEAST;
AND COMMINGLED WITH THEIR COMING
IS A PLEASURE NOT OF EARTH,
FOR THE BIRD OF LOVE IS HOMING
TO THE DEAR OLD CHRISTMAS HEARTH;
AND THE CHRISTMAS FIRE BURNS BRIGHTER,
AND THE HEARTS OF ALL GROW LIGHTER,
AS ABOVE THE LITTLE CIRCLE RISES NEVER CEASING MIRTH.

THE STORY OF SANTA CLAUS

St. Nicholas the First Patron Saint of the Children.

SANTA CLAUS is the one myth that will not down. The tradition of a beneficent spirit—call him by what name you will, Santa Claus, Kriss Kringle, St. Nicholas, Father Christmas or Noel—who comes around on December 25 of each year, and gladdens the heart of children, rich or poor, by mysteriously leaving to them the very things they most want, survives in spite of all attacks.

Santa Claus, the real Santa Claus, is both old and young. His pictures show to us a jolly fellow, with a beard suggesting the venerable, twinkling eyes bespeaking bounding youth. And

The Russian St. Nicholas.

young in feeling and action, if not in years, he must be to get over all the world in one night, without missing one house in which lives a deserving child.

He is different in every country, ranging in years from the beautiful Christ child that the good children of France adore, to the jolly old fellow to whom the American youngster vows allegiance.

But it is not in this sense that the writer means to depict Santa Claus as both young and old. It is from a historical standpoint that the comparison is made. Santa Claus, as we know him in this country, is less than a century old, but the real Santa Claus, the original of them all, goes way back to the remote third century.

His present name, Santa Claus, or Kriss Kringle, is derived from St. Nicholas, the very incarnation of all that was good and generous.

St. Nicholas, destined to be worshipped in various forms by the children of scores of centuries, was born in Patara, a town of Lycia, in Asia Minor. From his earliest days he showed a religious inclination that destined him to take a high place in the church.

As a young man he entered the monastery of Sion, and in time he became abbot and later bishop of Myra. His sanctity and learning made him shine even in the most illustrious company, and he was one of the most notable figures at that wonderful gathering of 318 bishops, who met at Nicea in 318 to condemn the heresy of Arius.

While St. Nicholas became famous in the councils of the church, it was still more as the special friend of the children that his fame spread.

One of his eraliest miracles, it is related, had to do with restoring to life two or three children.

There are two accounts of the story. One says that an Asian sent his two sons to Athens to study. En route they fell in with a villainous innkeeper, who, to get their valuables, slew the two boys, and cut their bodies into bits, which he put in his brine barrel to sell for pork. Then St. Nicholas having seen the crime in a vision, came to the spot, and restored the children to life.

The other version says there were three children, and that their would-be murderer was a butcher.

In either case, St. Nicholas performed the miracle of restoring them to life.

This was the first act by which St. Nicholas proved his love for children. The second bore still more strongly on the Santa Claus idea, for it was a favor that he did at Christmas time.

A certain nobleman of Patara was so poor that he was unable to give a portion for his three daughters, and it seemed impossible that any of the trio could get a husband. St. Nicholas, learning of their plight, came at Christmas time and threw a purse filled with gold into an open window. The act was done as stealthily as that of the modern Santa Claus; the nobleman could not tell who his benefactor was, but he gave thanks and married off the eldest daughter.

Next Christmas came another purse, and the second daughter took a husband.

When the Christmas of the third year approached, the nobleman's curiosity got the better of him, and he set himself on guard to see who it was that left the money. When the saint appeared, the nobleman came forward and asked why so good an act should be performed in stealth. Then the patron saint of the children enunciated the great truth that the best acts are those that are done for the joy of doing, not the hope of praise.

Thus centuries ago was proclaimed what is the best sentiment of Christmas giving. The idea of St. Nicholas was so beautiful that it took its place among the great beliefs of the children, and in different forms it is found nearly every century.

Both his name and his form differ, but everywhere his labor is the same. In France, Germany, Russia and the Netherlands he is the embodiment of an essentially religious idea, but in England and the United States his office is more a secular one.

France always represents Noel as the Infant Jesus, and in Germany, too,

The German Kris.

the name Krist Kindel, corrupted here into Kriss Kringle, means literally the Christ Child.

In central Europe, where the Christ Child is believed to come with gifts for the little ones, he is dressed like a maiden, carrying a silver bell, lighted tapers and wearing a crown.

St. Nicholas carries the same name in Holland that he does here, Santa Claus. In Switzerland they call him Sama Klaus, and in Heligoland, Sonner Klaus.

He is Niklo or Niglo in Austria, and boasts the luxury of an attendant, who assists him in carrying all his bundles. This assistant to Santa Claus is known as Krampus, and with the children is only a shade less popular than his chief.

"Holy Man" is the respectful term by which the patron Saint is known in the Tyrol, and here, too, he has help, being accompanied by the Christ Child and St. Lucy. The Christ Child Himself comes in Alsace.

Even Japan has a Santa Claus, similar in most respects to the Santa Claus of the occident. He is known as the "Sage of Long Life."

SANTA CLAUS PARTY

NOVEL AND PRETTY ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

Originated by Youthful Grandparents for a Family Reunion—Lovely Home Beautified With Attractive Decorations — The Christmas Luncheon.

This very charming and delightful party was given by young grandparents, who had a lovely home with large rooms, and they invited the grown-up folk, too.

The host and hostess were assisted in receiving their guests by Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus and Miss Santa Claus. After the greetings, they were ushered into a large room, a portion of which had been converted into a typical winter forest, in the corner of which was a lovely Christmas tree all aglow with lights.

Before the gifts were distributed by Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus, Miss Santa Claus told the old, old story of the Christ-child, emphasizing the fact that Christmas is a time for gifts because Jesus was a gift of love to the world, how he "went about doing good," "pleased not himself"—teaching and living a life of goodness and love. That is why Christmas, his birthday, is the gladdest of birthdays in all the years, she told them.

Miss Santa Claus directed and lead all the games, and whenever there came a pause, she told such delightful stories. There were selections from Dickens, and "Uncle Remus," and many other lovely stories.

The entertainment closed with a lovely luncheon, which was served in the large dining-room. At the windows were holly wreaths, tied with large bows of red ribbon, while the mantel was banked with greens and thickly studded with red candles, different lengths. In the bay window were festoons of running cedar, with a fluffy red bell suspended by a bit of the cedar from the highest point of the arch, with smaller bells on either side.

The long table had for a centerpiece an oval mirror, surrounded by a miniature forest, which had been converted into a typical winter scene by a glass-blower. Gliding across the frozen pond was a sleigh drawn by four deer, in which Santa Claus was seated, with a pack of toys on his back, and toys all about him. At the farther end of the pond was a tiny house nestling among the evergreen trees. The children were seated at this table with the host and hostess.

There were four round tables at either corner of the long table, at which the older people sat. The centerpiece of each was a round plateau of mistletoe, in the middle of which gleamed a flaming star of red. A five-pointed star was cut from cardboard, then tacked to a thin board. The star was outlined with red candles, with a cluster of five candles elevated in the very center of the star.—The Pilgrim.

AFTER CHRISTMAS.

Soldier—Haven't seen much of you lately. Been staying at home pretty close?

Jack-in-Box—Oh, no; I've been in and out a good deal.

Kept Him Busy.

Patience—And you say her "steady" was at her house seeing the old year out with her?

Patrice—Yes; and he told her when the clock struck 12 he'd give her a kiss for each stroke he heard of the clock.

"Wasn't he stingy?"

"Oh, no; you see there were 14 clocks in the surrounding rooms, and no two kept the same time."—Yonkers Statesman.

After Bigger Game.

"I dreamed last night," remarked Connelly, as the trolley car was taking him to town, "that the man who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs was back to the earth."

"Still killing geese, I suppose," said Mullen.

"No, he wasn't," replied Connelly, "he was gunning for Santa Claus' deer."—Brooklyn Life.

Grounds for Suspicion.

"Well," asked the lawyer, "what reason have you to suspect that your wife has ceased to care for you?"

"She's trying," the man with the troubled countenance replied, "to make me consent to play Santa Claus in a suit that she has decorated with bunches of cotton."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Not a Cheerful Sight.

Mother—Yes, Dorothy; the lord loveth a cheerful giver.

Dorothy (aged six)—Goodness! I hope he don't see you getting those Christmas presents ready for the mail, then, mamma.—Judge.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

By Henry F. Cope.

Heaven's anthems come always to those who are faithful to earth's toil.

God looks through the gift that is given for men to look at.

There is no such thing as a helping hand with a withholding heart.

No man ever had a happy Christmas by thinking of what he was getting.

It's the cheer and not the charity we give that makes the world brighter.

Nothing could be more sacrilegious than a selfish gift rendered in His name.

Tell of your happiness and you will find your troubles indefinitely postponed.

You are most likely to hear the angels singing if you go where some one is weeping.

No man ever got any good out of giving who did it with an eye single to his own glory.

Many a man's appreciation of Christmas has been spoiled by his apprehension of New Year's bills.—Ram's Horn.

WISE GIRL.

Ethel—If you're not going to accept Mr. Koyne, why don't you tell him to stop calling on you.

Clarice—I am, right after Christmas.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

It Is Best Made by Remembering the Christ Spirit of Kindliness.

A happy Christmas to grown people and a merry Christmas to the children! And let it be a happy Christmas; for that one day put away worries and disagreeable feelings, and enter into the real spirit of Christmas, which is to give happiness into some human life. It is not in the giving of presents alone that is the true Christmas; it is in bestowing kind words, kind looks and smiles where there is not always sunshine. Why do people so often think Christmas a burden, and wish the holiday season past? Why should the sad and sorrowful look forward to it as a dread anniversary? This is the worst form of selfishness. Christmas should be a day of self-forgetfulness and of thinking of some one else's life, and how it can be made brighter. There is a great deal of sadness and worry in all stations of life, and a few cheery words, accompanied by a smile, give great encouragement and cost but little effort.

And the children! Does anyone ever notice the wistful faces peering into the fascinating shop windows at this season, and remember that probably this is their owners' only glimpse of Christmas? That in their whole miserable existence never a penny has been handled by them of their very own? Let the childless one and the sorrowful one, as well as those who daily take their walks abroad, think of this, and each one in his own way do his best to gladden some life, and by doing so feel by Christmas night that there is something after all worth doing and living for in this old world, and the new year will be prepared for by ending the old one well.

Ignorance.

"I reckons," said Miss Miami Brown, "dat what de young gemman needs nowadays is mo' scientific education."

"What makes you think so?"

"I was done stan'in' under de mistletoe foh half an hour, but foh all dem young gemmen knowed 'bout botany it might as well have been a cabbage leaf."—Washington Star.

A Day of Reckoning.

'Twas the day after Christmas,
And all through the house
The children were having
A merry carouse;
While pa in his study
Was tearing his hair
As he gazed at the bills
That were piled everywhere.
—Town Topics.

Of Interest to Stockholders.

Jaspar—I hear that Santa Claus has given up his yearly rounds.

Jumpuppe—You don't tell me!

Jaspar—Yes. He has accepted a regular position on the "Salaries Committees" of various big corporations.—Town Topics.

A Holiday Reflection.

"A Christmas tree is a good deal like a wife."

"How's that?"

"It's the trimmings that cost."—Chicago Record-Herald.

FIRST XMAS TREE

INTRODUCED IN AMERICA BY GERMAN AT WOOSTER, O.

Created Much Comment at the Time—First Church Christmas Tree in This Country Also Credited to Ohio Town.

The first Christmas tree in the United States, it is claimed, was introduced in the college town of Wooster, O. August Imgard was the promoter and he brought the idea from his former home in Germany. For more than half a century Mr. Imgard has been familiarly known among a large circle of people as the "father of the Christmas tree." He died not long ago at the age of 80, after having lived in Wooster for more than 60 years.

Few young people of the present day realize that the Christmas tree is of comparatively recent origin in this country. In the early days of America there was a strong aversion to the observance of Christmas after the manner in which it was celebrated in many parts of Europe, or, in fact, any observance at all. It is even claimed that the New England Thanksgiving was established as a substitute for the growing tendency to observe Christmas. All Yuletide festivals were therefore slow in making their appearance in the United States, but the Christmas tree came last of all. In Europe the Christmas tree was first established in Rome, and from there introduced into Germany, where it soon became particularly popular.

After Mr. Imgard had crossed the deep to the new world and settled in Wooster and the first Christmas holiday season had rolled round he became homesick when he thought of the festivities which at that very time were in progress in the fatherland. With a view to calling up as best he could the Christmas scenes of his old home he secured a spruce bough and with some bright paper and candles he made what is believed to be the first American Christmas tree. The people of Wooster, which was then but a mere village, came in large numbers to see the tree, and this new

AUGUST IMGARD.
He Introduced the Christmas Tree in America.

feature of the holiday season created wide interest and enthusiasm. At that period the importance of the Christmas season was growing more rapidly than it had ever done before, and the introduction of the Christmas tree therefore at this time could scarcely be styled premature. The following year many of the villagers brought into their homes the boughs of spruce trees, too, and the popularity of the Christmas tree increased thereafter rapidly and soon spread to other towns.

The introduction of the Christmas tree into a church, however, remained for the year 1851, or nearly a decade after its appearance in the homes of Wooster. Rev. Henry C. Schwan of Cleveland, for more than 20 years president of the German Evangelical Lutheran synod of Missouri and Ohio, introduced this first church Christmas tree into Cleveland. Rev. Mr. Schwan was born in the province of Hanover, Germany. He came to Cleveland about 55 years ago. Cleveland at that time was the center of a great deal of religious intolerance and anything in the nature of an innovation was looked upon with horror.

Rev. Mr. Schwan, like Mr. Imgard, being a German, recalled the Christmas tree of Germany and accordingly during the first year of his pastorate in Cleveland he arranged for a Christmas celebration in his church. A Christmas tree decorated with gilt, tinsel, candles, apples and candies comprised a part of the celebration. The feeling over this tree in the community ran high among other denominations. It was styled idolatrous and sacrilegious and it was prophesied that it would bring down the wrath of God. Others laughed at the tree as absurd. Members of the church in which the Christmas tree had been inaugurated were even boycotted for a time in their business and in other ways were made to suffer, their accusers claiming that they had groveled before a hemlock tree with lighted candles and cheap pictures. One or two members, it is said, were even threatened with discharge by their employers if they ever again participated in arranging for another Christmas tree. The next year, however, the church enjoyed another Christmas tree, and every year thereafter, and as time went on the feeling against the now universal custom gave way and the German conception of Christmas came to be better understood.

Easy to Find Excuse.

Corruption will never want a pretense.—Cato the Younger.

A NEW YEAR RECEPTION TO THE BRITISH

WHEN GENERAL JACKSON HELD OPEN HOUSE IN NEW ORLEANS

I have heard my grandfather tell time and time again of the reception which Gen. Jackson gave to the British on New Year's day in the year of grace 1815, and believe I can write it down exactly as he repeated it to me, for he was there, taking a very active part in the ceremonies, if the reports of his superior officers are entitled to credit—as of course they are.

You must know first of the situation at New Orleans on the dawning of this New Year's day, and that can be told in few words.

General Jackson had on Christmas day 4,000 men, 20 pieces of artillery, and two armed schooners with which to defend the city; and the defense of New Orleans meant the defense of the state of Louisiana and the entire Mississippi valley. The whole British army consisted of 7,000 land troops, with a fleet numbering more than 50 vessels of all sizes and rigs, not a few of which were well armed.

Two days after Christmas the enemy had succeeded in destroying one of Gen. Jackson's vessels, the schooner Caroline, thus leaving him only the schooner Louisiana, and 24 hours later a battle was fought in which the Americans gained a slight advantage.

Our people had thrown up a breastwork three feet in height along the entire front of the army, and now the British built three "half moon" batteries, at equal distances apart, about 600 yards from Jackson's line, arming them with 30 heavy guns, which had been brought up from the fleet. These batteries were formed of earth, hogsheads of sugar, and, in fact, of everything which it was supposed would offer resistance to the missiles of the Americans.

Then came New Year's morning, when both armies were hidden under a dense fog which did not lift until nearly eight o'clock; but as soon as it was possible to see surrounding objects the British opened fire from their batteries, and it seemed much as if every gunner aimed at the house in which was Gen. Jackson's headquarters. In less than ten minutes the building had been struck by more than a hundred shot and shell, and the commander-in-chief, with his staff, was forced to seek some other place from which to direct the troops in the battle then just beginning.

American Fire Effective.

As a matter of course, the American guns had not been silent while the enemy was pouring into the city such a shower of iron. The 20 cannon, which had been mounted at different points along the line of breastworks, were opened on the British batteries on the levee, and those in front of our position, until the enemy began to understand that hogsheads of sugar offered a poor resistance to a solid shot, for immediately one was knocked into splinters its contents ran out, thereby making big breaches in the works.

When this battle of the guns had continued for an hour or more, with the American lines comparatively unharmed and the enemy's batteries showing here and there great gaps which told that they would be speedily demolished unless there was a change in the method of fighting, the British made a determined attack on the left of Gen. Jackson's line, which extended into the swamp, and my grandfather was among those sent forward to meet it.

And now to tell the story from my grandfather's own lips, as it were:

"When Coffee's Tennessee regiment, of which I was a member, gained that portion of our line which the British were threatening, they were advancing on the charge, most likely thinking to frighten us by that long line of glistening steel bayonets; but we had gone there for just such kind of work, and I venture to say that never one of us showed the white feather.

"We poured into their ranks a shower of lead which cut many a wide gap, but the Britishers only closed up the line, coming forward like a machine, and showing us that Americans were not the only ones who knew how to die at such a time.

"Well, for a few moments they actually overran us with that line of steel points, and, having once discharged our weapons, we had no chance to reload. The only thing for us, who did not intend to be put out of the fight until it couldn't be helped, was to grapple with that red coated machine, for we couldn't get near enough, owing to the bayonets, to strike a decent blow with our clubbed muskets.

"It was as rough-and-tumble a fight as I ever saw, even when the combatants were unarmed, and the fact that we clung to them like cats was what knocked the Britisher's out of time, for they, with all their experience in such business, had never come up against anything like it.

Struggle with Big Britisher.

"It was my ill luck to get hold of a big Britisher, who was 15 or 20 pounds the heavier, and stood a full head taller; but while he was trying to run me through with his bayonet, I had a chance to get the hold I wanted, and down we went. Again had fortune deserted me, for while falling he so contrived to twist his body that he fell on top, and for a few moments I had quite as much as I could do to keep pumping air into my lungs, owing to the grip he had on my throat.

"Now, it stands to reason that I didn't lay still so's to give him a good chance to choke me to death, but wiggled the best I knew how, and, thanks to some of the tricks I had learned among the mountains, it was soon possible to roll him over. There wasn't enough strength left in my body to keep an upper hold; but over and over we went until we struck the swamp, and that which I thought would be the death of me proved my advantage.

"We had wallowed in the soft mud and water until we must have looked like clay images when I let go my hold to grip him by the head, and, putting forth every ounce of muscle, managed to so far turn it that his face was pressed deep into the mud. That took a good bit of the fight out of him, for, of course, he couldn't breathe, and was trying to yell for quarter, when up came some of our boys.

"It stands to reason that they couldn't make out which man came from England, and grabbed at the first that came handiest, which just then happened to be me.

"'Come up here, you blasted Britisher!' the best friend I had in the regiment shouted, as he pulled me back by the collar of my coat, and I wasn't much more than a half drowned kitten in his clutch.

"'Let go of me, you idjut!' I yelled as soon as it was possible to get some of the mud out of my mouth. 'Don't you know your own comrade?'

"The Britisher wasn't anybody's fool, and, of course, he understood just what a mistake had been made. He came up on his feet like a steel spring, and while my comrades were crowing over having captured one of the enemy, as they supposed, he took to his heels, running like a deer, with the mud falling off of him in flakes until some one saw what kind of a uniform he wore.

"In all that squad only a single man had a charge in his gun, and he fired at the fellow, but it was the wildest kind of a snap shot and the bullet went wide, of course.

"By the time I had cleared my face of mud the Britisher was out of range, and perhaps I didn't talk the sweetest I knew how to the blundering fellow who had not only lost me a prisoner, but came very near finishing the choking which the redcoat had begun.

Final Result of Battle.

"Then the battle was well nigh over," my grandfather always said at this point in his story, and as to the result of the engagement he would give me a well worn slip of printed paper, from which I could read the following:

"Toward noon the fire of the British visibly slackened, while that of the Americans was unceasing. The batteries of the foe were crushed and broken. The sugar hogsheads had been converted into splinters and their contents, mingling with the soft earth, soon lost their volume. The guns not dismounted were careened and worked with great difficulty.

"The invaders fled in inglorious haste, helter-skelter, to the ditches, in search of safety, and, under cover of the ensuing night, crawled sullenly back to their camp, dragging with them over the spongy ground a part of their cannon, leaving five of them a spoil for the Americans."

In the fight that day the American loss was 11 killed and 23 wounded, while 20 of the Britishers were found dead on the field, the greater number lying near the swamp where the attack on our lines had been made, and certain it is that no less than 30 had been disabled.

Good Time.

"When are you going to ask papa's consent?"

"The 2d of January, when he is getting the bills for your Christmas shopping."—Houston Post.

Some to Spare.

"Made any resolutions fer de new year?"

"Naw. I got some left from last year dat I ain't never used."—Judge.

Mrs. Bluebeard.

The Story of a New Year's Resolution.

BY IZOLA FORESTER.

"Is it antique?"

Suzanne trailed her fingers idly over the piano keys in a little impromptu prelude of troublous chords before she answered the query.

"I suppose it is," she said, crossly, "I'm sure I can't tell whether it's real antique or not. It looks old and dusty and is all covered with heavy carving, if you mean that sort of thing. Why, Bess," she turned to the questioner with sudden energy, "I wouldn't have thought a thing about it if he had shown it to me or even mentioned it. He told me about everything else in the house, and I'd never have known a thing about this if I hadn't told Nora to clean out that 'catch all,' as she calls it, at the turn of the garret stairs. There is a large windowless space over the dining-room wing, and it was in there."

"And locked," concluded Bess, positively.

"Every drawer. I asked Nora how long it had been there, and she said it had come with Bob's trunks from home, while we were on our honeymoon. I'm not a bit curious—" She paused.

"Of course not," assented Bess warmly, "or suspicious."

"Only interested."

Bess nodded her head wisely over the interested sigh.

"It is kind of mysterious, Bob's not telling you a word about it, and hiding it in there out of sight, and then the fact of it being locked shows that someone didn't want it opened."

As she gave her conclusive point of logic Bess arose. She was pretty and petite, with a decisive tilt to her chin, and the confidence of 18 in her blue eyes.

"Of course, you'll do as you please, Sue. You always did. But if I had only been married a month and had

It Was Bob.

found a locked desk in my house that I knew nothing of, I know what I'd do."

Young Mrs. Sheldon left the piano with an impatient movement. She was tall and slender beside her sister, and the indefinable charm of a bride was visible in her dainty negligee toilette of white crepon.

"I believe absolutely in Bob," she declared.

Bess raised her eyebrows and smiled mischievously.

"Of course you do. It may be only some old love letters or souvenirs that he doesn't care to part with. Do you remember Adelaide Gifford?"

"That was two years ago."

Bess laughed.

"Good-by, sis. Believe in Bob all you want to. He is a dear, and if it were I, I'd hunt a locksmith, all the same."

Mrs. Sheldon stood at the window and watched the small girlish figure as it vanished down the street among the fluttering snowflakes. It was dusk. The room was unlighted as yet, and a sudden sense of loneliness stole over her in the semi-gloom, the first she had experienced since the joyous wedding of a month ago. If the affinity of moods and colors were true, she was in harmony with the soft velvet gray of the twilight tone that was stealing over the world.

New Year's eve, and Bob away. The tears blinded her eyes. Of course, it was business, merely a flying trip to New York for the firm, made all the more imperative by his neglect of business during the honeymoon, but she felt a vague rebellion in her heart against even the separation of a few days.

And there was the locked desk.

Bess' words and arguments ran swiftly through her mind. Come to think, Bob had told her not to tire herself by rummaging while he was away. Rummaging! That meant hunting in the garret and running the risk of discovering the desk.

And Bess had spoken of Adelaide Gifford. There had been talk of a summer engagement, she remembered. Adelaide was older than Bob. Some way she had always blamed her for the romance, and had looked upon Bob as an impressionable youngster. But if he had cherished her letters and keepsakes, then he must have loved her. Adelaide was engaged to old Mr. Thurston now—Copper Thurston, the boys called him. Perhaps, after all, Bob had been jealous of the copper-made millions, and had married her in a fit of pique.

She turned from the window with sudden determination. It lacked half an hour of dinner time. A lonely dinner for a bride, she thought, as she went upstairs, her first New Year's eve. Perhaps by the time the midnight bells rang out she might be making a few strange resolutions for the coming year.

It was dark on the garret stairs. She stopped at the door of Bob's dressing-room and took a candlestick from the mantel. It was a wedding gift—a Japanese bronze griffin, with outspread wings and spiral, sinuous tail.

As she held it to the gas jet to light the candle something fell on the rug at her feet and she picked it up. It was a small, old-fashioned ordinary brass key. She looked at it hesitatingly. It had never been on Bob's ring, she knew. The space between the wings of the bronze griffin was a clever idea of concealment.

She set her lips closely and went up the garret stairs with candlestick in one hand and the key in the other. Half way there was a turn at a small landing, and it was at the angle made by this that she had found the little low door leading to the "catch all." She opened it now and entered, half closing the door after her.

The desk was pushed to one side with some trunks and boxes. It was a quaint, antique affair of mahogany, severely colonial in style. The main body was crescent-shaped, supported on hand-carved legs. There were four drawers, two on each side, and a small, low cabinet of pigeon-holes on top.

Suzanne stood motionless before it for several minutes, trying to make up her mind to insert the key. When she did so, in the lock of the nearest top drawer, her hand trembled slightly and she held her breath. The key turned easily and the draw was ready for inspection, but she did not open it. Thoughts whirled like the fluttering snowflakes through her mind, and she stood again irresolute.

She had told Bess that she believed absolutely in Bob. Higher than her love for him had been her unfaltering belief and confidence in him. It was the very keystone of her marriage faith, and yet, at the first blow of suspicion, it gave way.

Bess was a child, with the impulsive judgment of a child. She had been wrong to even tell her of the desk, wrong to discuss Bob or his motives with her at all, or to listen for an instant to any doubt of him, even in jest. She must have faith, and wait. He had probably locked the desk against the curiosity of the servants and had forgotten it in the hurry and excitement of the wedding. She must believe in him. The mere fact that they were married did not give her a coroner's right to hold a post-mortem over his dead past.

There was the sound of a footstep on the stairs, and she relocked the drawer quickly.

"I'll be down in a moment, Nora," she called. "You may serve dinner."

The voice that answered was familiar and masculine. She nearly let the candle fall in her surprised recognition of it.

"It's only I, Sue. What on earth are you doing in there?"

She stood mute and motionless as he bent his head and entered the low door. It was Bob, and he was smiling and happy, his clear eyes seeking for the glad welcome he expected.

"I only ran down for to-night," he added. "I couldn't let you face the first New Year alone, sweetheart."

His arms reached for her, but she shook her head and handed him the key.

"I haven't used it," she said, brokenly. "But, oh, Bob, I came so near it. You don't have to tell me what's in the old thing. I'll believe in you just the same, and I don't want to know."

"Know what?" he demanded. "Don't cry, Sue." He drew her to him tenderly. "What's up, anyhow?"

"That desk," she sobbed. "It's locked."

"Is it?" He stared at the desk in bewilderment. "Well, the key was on my mantel, dear. You found it all right, didn't you? Couldn't you unlock it?"

"I could, but—but I don't want to know your private affairs." She tried to draw herself away, but he took her hands and held them from her tear-wet face so that he could see her eyes.

"Sue, darling," he said. "You blessed little Mrs. Bluebeard, that desk is a wedding present to you from Grandmother Hadleigh. It's been in the family since the year one, I guess, and there isn't a single thing in those drawers. It came the last minute the day we were married, and was so heavy and unwieldy I told father to send it along with my things and have it put away somewhere until we came home. And I laid the key in the griffin for safe-keeping. What did you think was in it?"

But Suzanne silenced further questioning in her own effectual way. The keystone of her happiness was firm and immovable. But as they went downstairs to dinner she registered one New Year's vow in her heart. In the future she would let love laugh at locksmiths.

Give Her a Diary.

A good Christmas present for a young wife is a nice diary. She will write in it every day for two weeks. Then such things as these will begin to crop out on its fair white pages: Recipe for waffles. Must get two yards ruching. Paid 12 cents to have teakettle mended. Don't forget lining for kimono. Sold old pair John's pants to ragman for 22 cents. By and by the diary will switch off and become an account book, and it will end its career as a scrapbook for cake recipes.—Judge.

A Toast For The New Year

Henry M. Hyde

TO THE True Pioneers of Progress—to the men with chain and sextant, drill and shield, hoist and riveter—burrowing through mountains, spinning, spiderlike, across dizzy chasms—making the world smaller and Man larger—

A Happy New Year and Many of 'Em!

TO THE Gentleman Adventurers—to the men who tempt the vengeance of the upper air, dare the sunless dangers of deep seas, track to their secret lairs the wild beasts of disease and pestilence—risking their own lives that the life of Man may be made safe—

A Happy New Year and Many of 'Em!

TO THE Poets and dreamers of the Present—to the men who harness the tides, bridle the west wind, put a yoke about the neck of the glaciers, drive the sun and moon tandem—making the forces of nature toil that Man may enjoy—

A Happy New Year and Many of 'Em!

TO THE Masters of the Future—to the men who know, to the men in earnest—rejoicing in their knowledge and their strength, looking with clear eyes, unafraid, into the face of fate—crowned with the high happiness of work well done—

A Happy New Year and Many of 'Em!

—*Technical World.*

New Year Gleanings.

Interesting Bits Appropriate to the Day Gathered from Everywhere.

New Year's Is a Candy Day in France.

Boxes of Sweets Are Favorite Gifts with all Classes in Paris.

Once is used to be very popular to give New Year's presents; but now so much more attention is paid to Christmas, and every one receives so many lovely things then, that our American boys and girls cannot complain if they do not get presents a week later, as did their mothers and fathers.

However, if they lived in France, New Year's day would be a great occasion, especially for girls, for there every man or boy gives some gift, no matter how small, to his friends. No one paying a call would think of going empty-handed, and little French girls at school on the 2d of January count up how many presents they received, just as our girls do after Valentine's day.

A favorite gift is candy. Sometimes this candy is made into temples, churches or playhouses; or all sorts of queer forms like bundles of carpets, boots and shoes, musical instruments, gridirons, saucepans, lobsters, crabs, books and hats are made of colored sugar, hollowed out and filled inside with chocolates, mints and other bonbons that can be eaten.

Don't you think the little French children must feel pretty sick the next day, after so much sweet stuff? For, of course, they would have to sample each kind; that is, if they are like American boys and girls in their fondness for candy.

The Origin of New Year's Calls.

Like Many Others of Our Customs, They Were Imported from China.

The custom of making New Year's calls, which had a long run in America, and is still extant, came originally from China, where such calls are one of the main features of the brilliant and lengthy New Year's celebration.

Every Chinaman pays a visit to each of his superiors, and receives one from each of his inferiors. Images of gods are carried in procession to the beating of a deafening gong, and mandarins go by hundreds to the emperor and that apparently much-maligned sovereign, the empress dowager, with congratulatory addresses. Their robes are gorgeously embroidered, and are heavy with gold. The younger people call upon the elder.

Children call upon their parents. Pupils pay their respects to their teachers. A light collation is offered every visitor, but it is to be noted, no wine is served. Tea takes the place of any stronger drink. In China gentlemen never call upon the ladies, but upon each other, and the women also make social visits among themselves. Nor is one obliged, happily, to make all his calls in one day, for all calls made before the 15th of the month are considered correct. These calling customs have obtained in China from earliest ages.

No Changes Needed in the Brown Family.

Proposed Resolutions Brought Emphatic Objections from Both Sides of House.

"This is the new year," said Mrs. Brown, as she and Brown sat down to dinner, "and perhaps we ought to make some little changes for 1907."

"I am willing," he replied. "Yes, I have been thinking that I would make a few changes."

"That is nice of you. You know that you swear and that I don't like it at all. It will be so sweet and kind and considerate to give it up for my sake."

"Give up swearing! Not on your life!"

"What, then, did you mean by change?"

"Why, I have been allowing you five dollars per week as pin money, and I know that you simply fool most of it away. One of the changes contemplated was to cut the sum in half."

"Samuel Brown!" exclaimed the wife, as she knocked on her plate with her fork to emphasize her words, "don't make any mistake on your wife, May. You will continue to swear as hard as you wish, and as often as you wish, and my five dollars pin money comes to me every Saturday night, or there won't be any glass left in the front windows to last over Sunday!"

A June New Year's on the Nile Banks.

The Ancient Egyptians Started the Year with the Raise of the River.

In all ages and all lands much importance has been attached to New Year's day. In Egypt the new year fell between the 17th and the 20th of June, and was called the "night of the drop." The sacred Nile was thought to flow down from heaven, and at its lowest ebb—about the middle of June—a tear from Isis fell into the stream and caused it to rise.

Consequently at this season the priests and people kept a sleepless vigil at the river's shore, watching for the miraculous rise which should bring such riches to the whole land. When the "night of the drop" came, the priests cleared the altars of old ashes and lighted the sacred fires for the new year.

Every one of the faithful carried a coal from the altar to light the fire at his own hearth, and from end to end the land was ablaze with light. The people put off their old garments and arrayed themselves in white, anointing their heads with sacred oil, crowning themselves with flowers and bearing palms in their hands, while chants and songs and fasting and processions filled the homes.

Passing Humor of the New Year.

Would You Blame Him?

Mina—Did your husband, at New Year's, swear off?

Lena—Yes, off and on—whenever a bill came in.—Town Topics.

Appropriate.

Coal Dealer—We will start 1907 with a clean slate.

Consumer—I think you might leave a little coal in it!—Town Topics.

1,000
Men, Women and Children Wanted!

To save 25 per cent. of their Xmas money.

BY PURGHASING

China, Cut Glass,
Leatner Goods, Pictures,
Toilet Cases, Games,
Dollr, Sleds,
Fancy Stationary, at the

OLD RELIABLE DRUG STORE

The best line of China ever displayed, at prices corresponding.

The Back 5 cent cigar in fancy boxes of 25. Especially for Xmas.

Examine our entie stock before buying.

L. TAGGART, Propr.

5 DROPS
TRADE MARK
CURES
RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO, SCIATICA
NEURALGIA and
KIDNEY TROUBLE

"5-DROPS" taken internally, rids the blood of the poisonous matter and acids which are the direct causes of these diseases. Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while a permanent cure is being effected by purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.

DR. S. D. BLAND
Of Brewton, Ga., writes:
"I had been a sufferer for a number of years with Lumbago and Rheumatism in my arms and legs, and tried all the remedies that I could gather from medical works, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave the relief obtained from "5-DROPS." I shall prescribe it in my practice for rheumatism and kindred diseases."

FREE

If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble or any kindred disease, write to us for a trial bottle of "5-DROPS," and test it yourself.

"5-DROPS" can be used any length of time without acquiring a "drug habit," as it is entirely free of opium, cocaine, alcohol, laudanum, and other similar ingredients.

Large Size Bottle, "5-DROPS" (300 Doses) $1.00. For Sale by Druggists.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY,
Dept. 80. 160 Lake Street, Chicago.

ELECTION NOTICE.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 5th, 1906.

THE annual meeting of the stock-holders for the election of a Board of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be laid before them, will be held at the Bank on Tuesday, January 8, 1907, between the hours of one and three in the afternoon.

42-4t. T. B. LLOYD, Cashier.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

Came to the premises of the undersigned in Rich Valley, about Nov. 28th, 1906, one white horse, weight about 1200 pounds. The horse had bridle and blanket on when it came to my premises. Owner can have same by calling at my home on or before Dec. 22d and paying charges. Otherwise it will be sold to pay charges.

42-3t. W. L. CARTER.

Pennsylvania Railroad.

Schedule in Effect NOV. 25, 1906

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM.

For Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, 8:10 a.m., 12:05, 3:15, 10:30 p.m. daily.

For Wilkesbarre and Scranton, 8:10 a. m. week days.

For Erie and intermediate stations: 10:45 a. m., 4:23 p. m. daily.

For Falls Creek, Red Bank and Pittsburg, 10:45 a. m. week days.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION

For Buffalo: 4:05 a. m. and 4:15 p. m. daily.

J. R. WOOD, Pass'gr Traffic Mgr.
W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH
PENNYROYAL PILLS

DIAMOND BRAND

Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.

LADIES! Ask your Druggist for CHI-CHES-TER'S PILLS in RED and GOLD metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy of your Druggist and ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S ENGLISH PILLS, the DIAMOND BRAND, for twenty-five years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable. Sold by Druggists everywhere. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., PHILA., PA.

DR. CALD... SYRUP PEPSIN
CURES CONSTIPATION.

Autumn Exposition

The highest type of clothing for men, young men and boys. Nothing less will do for this age of high ideals. It is such clothing that is here to-day to be seen and tried on. We especially invite the skeptical man. Examine it, compare it, test it in any way that you may. Then you will appreciate its value.

In our departments fall lines of underwear, hosery, hats, caps shoes, trunks, suit cases, are well stocked.

We are sole agents for the Stetson Hats, Crawford Shoes and Desbecker Block Tailoring Co. All the above named firms cannot be beat for styles and wear.

Jasper Harris,

Opposite Post-Office, Emporium, Pa.

AT THE "FOREIGN" WINDOW

How Uncle Sam's Stepchildren Remember "Old Country" Friends.

"Home and mother!"

These magic words are responsible for the sending out of Cleveland daily at this season of the year of thousands of dollars. At the window over which is the word "Foreign," in the money order office at the postoffice, a continuous string of people patiently await their turn to send sums varying from $5 to $25 to loved ones living in what they lovingly call the "old country."

Out of their bounty Cleveland's adopted children are sending something to cheer up those who are living in less favored climes. From week to week they lay small sums aside as the end of the year approaches. When they have accumulated the necessary amount they troop down to the postoffice, the one bank in which foreigners have absolute confidence, and send to mother, father, brother or sister the tokens of their regard. Distances are so great that the actual money is much more appropriate than any of the gaudy articles which would naturally be forwarded.

"Me getta twenta dol's worth," explained one woman as she elbowed her way gradually to the window.

"What?" demanded the clerk. He is required to understand everything.

"Me wanta twenta dol's," repeated the woman.

"Oh, you want to send $20 home," explained the clerk.

The woman signified with her head that she certainly did want to send some money home. Tightly clutching her check, she made a break to mail the order. Her face was lighted up with a glad look.

"Who are you sending it to?" asked the clerk of the next in the line.

"Mudder," says the woman. It is the only word she utters as she lays down two ten-dollar bills. Enough said. She, too, clutched her order as if it was a pardon from death and hurried away to mail it.

Russians in large numbers, Italians, Germans and Irish are among the daily throng that seeks to make the loved ones at home happy.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SANTA CLAUS' WORKSHOP.

Curious Corner of Toyland Is the Austrian Village St. Ulrich.

Tourists wandering out of the beaten tracks of their kind occasionally come to a little village in Austria which presents the aspect of a corner of toyland.

The name of the village is St. Ulrich, and nearly all of its inhabitants are toymakers. Each household, too, has its specialty. One old woman has done nothing but carve wooden cats, dogs, wolves, sheep, goats and elephants.

She has made those six animals her whole life long, and she has no idea how to cut anything else. She makes them in two sizes and turns out as nearly as possible a thousand of them a year.

She has no model or drawing of any kind to work by, but goes on steadily, unerringly, using gauges of different sizes and shaping out her cats, dogs, wolves, sheep, goats and elephants with an ease and an amount of truth to nature that would be clever if they were not utterly mechanical.

This woman learned from her mother how to carve those six animals, and her mother had learned, in like manner, from her grandmother. She has taught the art to her own granddaughter, and so it may go on being transmitted for generations.

In another house one will find the whole family carving skulls and crossbones for fixing at the bases of crucifixes, for the woodcarving industry has its religious as well as its amusing side. In other houses are families that carve rocking horses or dolls or other toys and in still other houses whole families of painters.—London Tit-Bits.

Edible Christmas Novelties.

A housewife whose purse is light, but who makes delicious things to eat, planned this original Christmas for her young friends: A box of animal cookies to the family with three small boys, homemade candy and stuffed dates to college youths and maidens, two individual plum puddings to the dear old lady who keeps house by herself, a loaf of salt rising bread and one of nut bread to the bride serving her first Christmas dinner and a basket of doughnuts to the eastern chap spending his first holiday season away from home. Mince pies and pound cake were among her gifts. All these went done up in the most attractive manner. —Chicago Record-Herald.

Where Christmas Trees Grow.

It is said that at least three-fifths of the 1,500,000 or more Christmas trees used in America each season grow on the bleak hillsides of eastern and northern Maine. Thousands of young farmers and timbermen make good incomes by cutting and shipping the trees. The Christmas tree business in Maine began only about thirty years ago, with four schooners to carry the cargoes of trees. Now many times that number of vessels are engaged in the trade. Most of the trees sent from Maine are firs.

Mistletoe and Holly.

Hangin' of the mistletoe—that's where Love is led,
An' ain't his cheeks as rosy as the holly berries red!
An' his eyes they shine like starlight, an' the sweetest word that's said
He whispers 'neath the mistletoe an' holly.

Hangin' of the mistletoe—an' take your rosy place,
Laughin' lips an' bright cheeks, where the dimples love to race!
An' listen to that story that holds heaven in its embrace—
Whispered 'neath the mistletoe an' holly!

—Atlanta Constitution.

THE ORIGINAL LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

For all Coughs and assists in expelling Colds from the system by gently moving the bowels. A certain relief for croup and whooping-cough. Nearly all other cough cures are constipating, especially those containing Opiates. Kennedy's Laxative Honey & Tar moves the bowels, contains no Opiates.

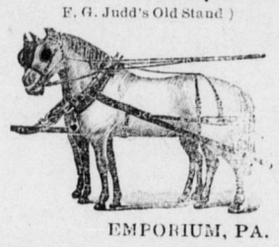
The Red Clover Blossom and the Honey Bee is on every bottle.

(Trade Mark Registered.)

KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE
CONTAINING
HONEY AND TAR

PREPARED AT THE LABORATORY OF
E. O. DeWITT & CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A.
Sold by R. C. Dodson.

HENRY JAEGER,
Harness Maker and Upholsterer
F. G. Judd's Old Stand)



EMPORIUM, PA.

Manufacturer of and Dealer in
LIGHT AND HEAVY HARNESS, BLANKETS, ROBES, COLLARS, WHIPS, etc.

At Prices as Low as Possible.

Repairing a Specialty.

UPHOLSTERING—I carry a full line of cloths for recovering furniture and guarantee all work.

Henry Jaeger.

BANNER SALVE
...most healing salve in the world.

E. S. Coppersmith's

Holiday Specials

The citizens of Cameron and adjoining counties are respectfully invited to call and inspect our large line of goods suitable for the Holidays, at greatly reduced prices. Furs, Silks, Dress Silks, Umbrellas, Pillow Tops and Cords, Ladies Underwear, both fleeced and wool, and Outing garments. Children's Underwear at greatly reduced prices to close out same.

Silverware, China and Cut Glass. Latest Designs. Dolls, Toys, Games and Fancy Goods.

Millinery

ALL Millinery at special reduced prices. Trimmed and untrimmed hats at great bargains, many stylish hats being reduced one-half.

REMEMBER our Fancy Waist Silks, Rattenburg and drawn work.

MRS. E. S. COPPERSMITH.

STRONG AGAIN! WHEN IN DOUBT, TRY Sex-ine Pills

They have stood the test of years, and have cured thousands of cases of Nervous Diseases, such as Debility, Dizziness, Sleeplessness and Varicocele, Atrophy, &c. They clear the brain, strengthen the circulation, make digestion perfect, and impart a healthy vigor to the whole being. All drains and losses are checked *permanently*. Unless patients are properly cured, their condition often worries them into Insanity, Consumption or Death. Mailed sealed. Price $1 per box; 6 boxes, with iron-clad legal guarantee to cure or refund the money, $5.00. Send for free book. Address, PEAL MEDICINE CO., Cleveland, O.

STRONG AGAIN! WHEN IN DOUBT, TRY Sex-ine Pills

They have stood the test of years, and have cured thousands of cases of Nervous Diseases, such as Debility, Dizziness, Sleeplessness and Varicocele, Atrophy, &c. They clear the brain, strengthen the circulation, make digestion perfect, and impart a healthy vigor to the whole being. All drains and losses are checked *permanently*. Unless patients are properly cured, their condition often worries them into Insanity, Consumption or Death. Mailed sealed. Price $1 per box; 6 boxes, with iron-clad legal guarantee to cure or refund the money, $5.00. Send for free book. Address, PEAL MEDICINE CO., Cleveland, O.

SANTA HAS ARRIVED LOADED

For the Thousands of Children and Patrons of

H. A. ZARPS & CO'S

POPULAR FAIR STORE.

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Never in the history of Emporium has a larger or finer line of LADIES and MISSES WRAPS, FURS and FANCY GOODS been exhibited.

A full line of Fascinators, Shawls, Belts, Fancy Stocks, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Sacques and Toques, Fancy Lamps, Gold Clocks, Gold Picture Frames, Gold Framed Mirrors and small Gold Novelties. Fine line of Cut Glass, Silverware, Jewelry, Pocket Books, Wrist Bags, Toilet Articles. Fancy Goods of all descriptions in Baskets, Birch Bark, Celluloid and Stag Articles, Vases, Picture Books, Jardineres and Umbrella Stands. Umbrellas, all styles, from 48c to $12.

The Largest Display of China Ever Shown in the County

IF YOU are unable to find what you want at ZARPS' you are hard to please. We have the goods just the same.

Business Cards.

J. C. JOHNSON. J. P. McNARNEY.
JOHNSON & McNARNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
EMPORIUM, PA.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to them. 16-1y.

MICHAEL BRENNAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Collections promptly attended to. Real estate and pension claim agent,
35-1y. Emporium, Pa.

JAY P. FELT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Corner Fourth and Broad streets,
Emporium, Pa.
All business relating to estate, collections, real estate, Orphan's Court and general law business will receive prompt attention. 41-25-1y.

AMERICAN HOUSE,
East Emporium, Pa.,
JOHN L. JOHNSON, Prop'r.
Having resumed proprietorship of this old and well established House I invite the patronage of the public. House newly furnished and thoroughly renovated. 48ly

THE NOVELTY RESTAURANT,
(Opposite Post Office,)
Emporium, Pa.
WILLIAM McDONALD, Proprietor.
I take pleasure in informing the public that I have purchased the old and popular Novelty Restaurant, located on Fourth street. It will be my endeavor to serve the public in a manner that shall meet with their approbation. Give me a call. Meals and luncheon served at all hours.
no27-1yr Wm. McDONALD.

MAY GOULD,
TEACHER OF
PIANO, HARMONY AND THEORY,
Also dealer in all the Popular Sheet Music,
Emporium, Pa.
Scholars taught either at my home on Sixth street or at the homes of the pupils. Out of town scholars will be given dates at my rooms in this place.

F. C. RIECK, D. D. S.,
DENTIST,
Emporium, Pa.
Office, Fourth street, opposite opera house.
Gas and other local anaesthetics administered for the painless extraction of teeth.
SPECIALTY:—Preservation of natural teeth, including Crown and Bridge Work.

It's Easy

to write a good letter when your paper, pens and ink are friendly.

Eaton-Hurlbut Writing Papers

The "PAPERS THAT APPEAL," make polite correspondence a pleasure. Most people just now are asking us for Twotone and Highland Linen. There are other styles you may like even better. Come in and see them.

M. A. ROCKWELL,
DRUGGIST,
Emporium, Pa.

EVERY WOMAN
Sometimes needs a reliable monthly regulating medicine.
DR. PEAL'S
PENNYROYAL PILLS,
Are prompt, safe and certain in result. The genuine (Dr. Peal's) never disappoint. $1.00 per box.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures colds, prevents pneumonia

Madam French Female Pills. Dean's
A safe, certain relief for Suppressed Menstruation. Never known to fail. Safe! Sure! Speedy! Satisfaction Guaranteed or money Refunded. Sent prepaid for $1.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relieved. Samples Free.
DR. MEDICAL CO., Box 74, LANCASTER, PA.
Sold by L. Taggart and R. C. Dodson.

IT WILL PAY YOU

To See R. SEGER & SON'S

New Fall and Winter Clothing

AND FURNISHINGS.

New and Beautiful Latest Styles in

MEN, BOYS' AND YOUTH'S CLOTHING

Selected with the greatest care as to quality and price. Call and see our beautiful stock of stylish clothing and furnishings.

Big Line of Summer Hats.
Finest Line of Trunks and Satchels

Don't forget our Merchant Tailoring Department.

R. SEGER & SON,

NEXT TO BANK.

"GET THE HABIT"

We are doing a splendid business. Our patrons seem to be so impressed with the deliciousness of our baked goods that many of them have "got the habit" of coming here regularly. We anticipate more of that "habit," because our bread and pastry is better than ever before. Get the habit—the health giving habit of eating the products of our sanitary shop.

Emporium Bakery

M. L. CUMMINGS, Prop'r.

BREAD OF QUALITY

Next Door to Post Office, EMPORIUM, PA.

Polly and the Mistletoe

By OLIVE HARPER.

"WELL, Mrs. Li Hung Chang, I believe I will," said Polly Adams to a ridiculous china doll that sat on the chimney staring fixedly before her.

It was nearly midnight, and the house was still. The Christmas tree stood all decorated and with the gifts hung upon it in the library, back of the parlor, and Polly had been sitting beside the fire in her pretty yellow eiderdown pajamas. Pajamas were a fad that season among all her girl friends, and Polly always, as she said, "kept right along with the procession."

Polly was tired, for she had been busy all that day. They were not rich, and so much of the running devolved upon Polly, and the three boys were home from school, and they had two visitors to remain till New Year's. One of them was Archie—it is enough to call him just "Archie." So, while Polly braided the heavy mass of rich brown hair into one long loose plait, she glanced at the mistletoe and then at the sphinxlike face of the Chinese doll as she said:

"Now, Mrs. Li Hung Chang, what shall I do? Archie loves me. I know it from a dozen—yes, a thousand—

HE WRAPPED THE SHRINKING LITTLE FIGURE IN ITS FOLDS.

things, but he is so shy and timid. Minnie Blake is engaged, and so would I be if only Archie had the courage of a—a chipmunk," she hastily added as she thought of her bare feet and possible mice. "Now, if I could hang this mistletoe to the chandelier tonight in the excitement of seeing our gifts I could manage—I know I could—to get him under it beside me, and the boys would do the rest, and then—well, the ice would be broken. I will if you say so. Why don't you speak?"

Saying this, the dainty little beauty stamped her foot, now in its slipper, which jarred the room ever so slightly, and the doll did nod its head. Polly laughed, half startled, but with new courage. She took the night light in one hand and the bunch of mistletoe in the other, with its grappling wires, and stole downstairs to the library door and on into the parlor, not noticing that the library door had shut to with the spring lock.

Polly did not wish to awaken any member of the family, so she did not switch on the lights. Her own tiny light but made the darkness visible. It was fearsome down here all alone in the dark, so she hurried and pushed the side table over into the middle of the room under the chandelier, with the mistletoe on it, and then brought a delicate, long legged, gold painted chair, on which she climbed timidly, listening all the while for a sound.

The chandelier was high and Polly not tall, so do her best, standing on her tiptoes, she could not reach the fixture.

"I must get up on the table," she said to herself, "and I hope I'll not fall and break my neck and rouse the house."

Just as this very courageous little maiden stepped to the table with one foot, while the other was still resting on the insecure chair, there was the sound of a latchkey in the front door and then a blast of wintry wind and two voices in the hall. They were those of her oldest and most unbearable brother Fred, and the other voice belonged to Archie Steadman. It was too much for Polly. It would be awful if Fred discovered her.

She tried to step down from her insecure perch, but the treacherous ornamental chair tilted, and Polly came down suddenly, striking her head against the table. She was too frightened to feel the hurt, for the noise was great enough to startle Fred into saying:

"What's that? Burglars, I'll bet. Come on, Arch."

Saying that, Fred bounded forward and switched on the light and, seizing a heavy cane from the hatrack, sprang into the parlor. But Polly had managed to get on her feet and scamper to the library door, dropping one of her slippers as she went and leaving the lamp behind her; but, try as she might, she could not open the library door, and stood there pulling with a strength born of desperation, while Fred said:

"Burglars! Here's the light. They're after the gifts on the tree. Come on!"

With his cane swinging like an Indian club, Fred sprang into the library, while Archie, with his umbrella, followed, and both advanced upon the burglars. They could hear the rattling of the doorknob, and Fred shouted:

"You may as well give up. You're caught!"

And then the library was also flooded with light, which was reflected from a thousand gilded ornaments on the tree, and by the illumination Fred and Archie saw a miserable little figure in yellow pajamas, huddled up like a cold duckling, with one bare foot and with its head down, in the corner of the door frame as though trying to hide.

From her baby days Polly had had a queer habit of hopping from one foot to the other without moving from her place when frightened or angry. Now one slippered little foot and one pink bare one kept up the familiar hopping movement. Fred looked at the culprit a moment and then sprang forward and, seizing one shoulder and the long braid of hair, turned her around to the light, while the miserable girl covered her face with her hands. Fred laughed loud and long, saying:

"Well, I'll be jiggered if it isn't Polly!"

Archie said nothing and was trying to pretend that he did not know anything at all until he saw the tears streaming through the fingers, and then he said hotly:

"Fred, I am ashamed of you. You are not treating your sister right at all. Here, Pol—I mean Miss Adams," continued he, at the same time jerking the big maroon cover from the old fashioned square piano, to the instant destruction of two plaster ornaments. "Here, Miss Pol—Adams."

Saying this with a lordly air, he wrapped the shrinking little figure in its beneficent folds, while her heartless brother lay on the carpet in convulsions of laughter. She sobbed out:

"I—I—forgot—something—and that is, why"—

"Ah, bosh! You just wanted to see if Archie had put a present on the tree for you."

"Oh, Fred; don't!" she cried, while tears trickled down her hands.

"Mr. Adams, I consider your treatment of your sister very harsh—very cruel."

"Well, I suppose she can't help being a little fool," continued Fred, laughing still.

"Sir, another such remark concerning this ang—ah, your sister—under the circumstances will sever our friendship. Pol—Miss Polly, I have your present here. I was going to give it to you tomorrow, but under the present circumstances I shall ask if you will accept it now and here, as with it you will have a protector."

With a malevolent look at Fred, Archie fumbled in all his pockets until he found a small box. Then he reached for one of Polly's wet little hands. Archie looked very imposing to Polly, and little by little her sobs ceased, and by the time he had opened the box she could see through her dimmed eyes that he had a superb solitaire ring for her—one to make the heart of any girl proud, and one in keeping with his wealth. So she even smiled a little as Archie, with one last look of defiance at Fred, placed the sparkling ring on the proper finger and then folded her in his arms proudly and with a look of ineffable happiness, though Polly did look something like a noble squaw.

Christmas With the Mokis.

The whole affair has the character of what we should call a mystery play, the dramatic action representing the fight of the sun god to return northward from his home in the mountains. Malevolent genii are trying to drag him back, while friendly divinities aid him in the struggle. He wins, of course, and comes back to Moki Land to warm the earth with his rays and to cause it to smile with fresh harvests. When those harvests are ripening in the following summer the snake god, which controls the water supply so urgently needed in that arid country, must be appeased by another ceremony specially devised for his glorification, the principal feature of which is the famous snake dance, concerning which so much has been written.—American Family Magazine.

Christmas Post Cards.

The favorite Christmas post cards have very little room for writing. The entire back of the card is covered with a "Madonna and Child" by Murillo, Raphael, or, to come to more modern times, Gabriel Max or Bouguereau. The coloring is most artistic, and these cards are quite worth framing as little works of art. Some of these Madonnas—for instance, the Raphael "Madonna of the Chair"—are framed in a wreath of glowing holly, which contrasts vividly with the colors in the Roman scarf flung over the back of the chair. Other subjects are to be had in these truly artistic post cards, notably portraits of fair women by Romney and Lely, Reynolds and Gainsborough, Greuze and Le Brun.—New York Globe.

Turkey Which Ended Long Fast.

An odd incident of the last Christmas celebration in St. Louis was the breaking of a month long fast by James Barrington, who had been in custody two and one-half years on a charge of murder. Barrington expected turkey for dinner Thanksgiving day, and when the jail rations were served minus the national bird he refused to eat and promptly went on a strike. He declined his provisions consistently until Christmas, when he got the pinch for turkey.

The Gladsome Bells.

"Do you enjoy hearing the gladsome Christmas bells?" we ask of our friend who has retired from business pursuits.

"I did last year, and that's the truth."

"They had a joyous sound then?"

"I should say they had. They were the fire bells, and my stock of unsold but heavily insured Christmas stuff was burned."—Judge.

Buffalo & Susquehanna Railroad Co

Passenger Time Schedule, effective daily except Sunday

	SOUTHBOUND.	a. m.	a. m.	p. m.
Leave	Addison	7 15	11 20	
"	West Field	8 40	p. m. 12 25	
"	[illegible]	9 45		
"	Wellsville	8 40	3 25	
"	Galeton	10 25	5 05	
"	Cross Fork	6 10	4 25	
"	Wharton	11 55	6 30	7 20
"	Costello	12 07	6 42	7 38
"	Austin	1 00	6 52	7 50
Arrive	Keating Summit	2 10	7 22	

Additional trains leave Austin at 7:40 p. m. and 10:30 a. m. reaching Keating Summit at 8:50 a. m. and 11:10 a. m. respectively.

	NORTHBOUND.	a. m.	a. m.	a. m.	a. m.
Leave	Keating Summit		11 40		
"	Austin	6 38	p. m. 12 55	7 00	
"	Costello	6 53	1 01	7 06	
"	Wharton	6 47	1 18	7 18	
Arrive	Cross Fork	12 05	6 55		
		a. m.			
Leave	Galeton	8 30	3 00		
		p. m.			
Arrive	Wellsville	2 40			
		a. m.			
"	Ansonia	9 16	6 40		
"	Westfield	9 17	8 46		
		10 16	4 46		

Additional trains leave Keating Summit at 9:10 a. m., 2:25 p. m. and 7:35 p. m., reaching Austin at 9:45 a. m., 3:25 p. m. and 8:10 p. m. respectively.

Emporium Coal Yard

Near Freight Depot.
EMPORIUM MACHINE CO., Lessee.

Shingles, Lime, Wall Plaster, Cement, Hay and Straw,
COAL and WOOD,
Red Brick, Fire Brick and Clay,
Sewer Pipe and Fixtures.
Also Fertilizer.

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Machine Shop

Gas, Water and Steam Plumbing, Fixtures of all kinds.

MOULDING A SPECIALTY.

REPAIR WORK SOLICITED.

OFFICE OF COAL YARD at Machine Shop.

EMPORIUM MACHINE CO.

Get There Early.

Building season is here and we are prepared to furnish

Heavy and Shelf Hardware and Builders' Supplies

of all kinds, at prices that will astonish you.

We handle everything for use on the farm or garden; also

COOK STOVES,
HOT PLATES,
OVENS, ETC.

We also carry a complete line of SHERWIN WILLIAMS' HOUSE PAINTS, VARNISHES, OILS and ROOF PAINTS. The largest stock in Cameron county. A full line of Carpet Sweepers, Wringers and Lawn Mowers of all kinds. Screen doors and Window Screens, Poultry Netting, Fence Wire, Two and three ply roofing, Paroid roofing, the best made. We also carry a complete stock of Bath Tubs, Closets, lavatories and range boilers.

We employ none but expert workmen in our plumbing establishment.

We also have in connection a Tinning Department, Tin Roofing; Spouting and general repair work solicited.

All work done by us will be guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Estimates Cheerfully Given on all Kinds of Work

By strict attention to business we hope to merit a reasonable share of your patronage.

Thanking you for past favors.

F. V. HEILMAN.

C. B. HOWARD & CO.,

General Merchandise Store,

WEST END OF FOURTH STREET, EMPORIUM, PA.

We now have the finest line of Embroideries and Insertions that ever came to town and at prices that can't be equalled, considering the quality of goods.

Val. Laces and Insertions of superior quality, nothing any better this side of Philadelphia or Williamport.

Forschion, fiine and heavy as you like, from 5c to 10c per yard.

Shirt Waist Patterns from $1.00 to $1.75. Thin White Goods of all kinds, that the ladies desire for this season of the year or later.

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We handle the McGraw Corsets, just from the dress making department, PERFECT FITTING CORSETS which the dress makers claim superior to any they have ever tried, shapeliness, durableness, uniformity and easy adjustments, which are at once perceptible. Try them.

Belts, Collars, Handkerchiefs in abundance. Hosiery for everybody. Out sizes. Ribbons too, at prices to suit the purchaser.

Bates Seersuckers, Lancaster Ginghams, "best made" India Linens.

Muslins, bleached and unbleached Sheeting, 9 and 10-4 wide. Pillow tubing 45 inches wide.

Ladies Wrappers. Good quality, sizes 32 to 44.

Outing Flannel, all colors and grades.

Table Linen from 50c to $1.75 per yard.

Lace curtains from 50c to $3.50 per pair.

The McCall Patterns which are always up to date.

Wool and Cotton underwear from the infants sizes to the grandmas size.

Demorest Sewing Machines, Mattings, Rugs, Carpets.

Grocery Department.

Pressed Cut Glass. Just the thing for a present.

COFFEES—White House, Hotel Astor, Vienna, Java and Mocha Blend coffees that are unsurpassed for drinking qualities.

Everything in the grocery line.

Clink's Ham, Conewango Creamery Butter, Conewango Cheese, John Peters' Home-made Lard and Sausage.

C. B. HOWARD & CO.

The New York Idea of Marriage and Divorce

Langdon Mitchell, the Playwright, Bishop Greer and Felix Adler Discuss the Matrimonial Views and Practises of Society

"New York is bounded on the North, South, East, and West by the State of Divorce."

"Nothing is final in Nature, not even Death," quotes the clergyman from his sermon. If death is not final, why should marriage be final? * * * Oh, yes, an excellent sermon. * * * All New York was there and all New York went away happy."

"What are divorces among friends?"

"A woman should marry when she has the whim and leave the rest to the divorce court."

"People like us should meet on equal terms," says Mrs. Karslake, speaking of divorced women. "If people like us don't meet there would be no society."

"American girls marry for nothing and divorce for nothing, because you are nothing."

"You American girls are fine talkers," says the Englishman. "You talk and talk, but there's nothing here, (pointing to his heart). I once knew an American girl. She was the nicest kind of a—boy. These American marriages for title have been in bad odor in England lately. * * * Marriage in England means three things—Honor, obedience, and three children."

"I stop at 'obedience,'" remarks the American woman.

"The judiciary have mixed this thing (marriage and divorce) up so we can't tell we're married until we're divorced."

New York.—"The New York Idea" has been a much-discussed play. People have wanted to know why Mr. Langdon Mitchell, leveling his satire at divorce, was at pains to describe it as a New York idea.

"I chose New York for my title because New York is the greatest of American cities and reflects American life," Mr. Mitchell explained: "The play might have been called 'The Chicago Idea' or 'The Philadelphia Idea' just as well, I suppose. The most explicit title would probably be 'The American Idea.'"

"In other words," remarked the reporter, "you used the words New York to mean America, just as we say 'Paris' when we mean France, or speak of London when we think of England?"

"Precisely."

"Why do you assume the attitude you do on the divorce question?"

The author settled back in his chair as if to weigh his words. Mr. Mitchell is anything but a flippant young man of the town. His urbane manner and an almost imperceptible impression of reserve at once recall his father, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the noted physician, and himself a famous author.

"Mrs. Fiske suggested several years ago," he said, gravely, "that I write a play with divorce as the theme."

"Would not such a play be serious?"

"If there were children in a drama of divorce it would be a great tragedy. I decided, however, that my play should be a comedy."

"Acting, I suppose, on the principle that ridicule is the most dangerous of weapons," suggested a representative of the New York Times.

"No. There is a great drama in the divorce question, if treated as a serious problem. I should like to write such a play. My decision was reached, however, to make my play a comedy."

"It has been suggested that your methods resemble those of Bernard Shaw. Did you have his work in mind?"

"Any resemblance to Mr. Shaw's plays in 'The New York Idea' is quite unconscious, I assure you," Mr. Mitchell replied. "I know Mr. Shaw, having met him in London while I was living there. He was very kind to me when my first play was produced in England. I have never been a student of his plays, though. I can almost say I have not seen performances of them. Of course, I make a round of the theaters every season, but I go away into the country to write my plays."

Life as the Author Sees It.

"Then your criticisms of modern conditions merely reflect life as you see it?"

"Marriages based on affection, loyalty, and a sense of duty are not affected by the satire and rebuke in my play. Nearly all married people have quarrels. Where the husband and wife have a sense of loyalty and obligation they pass an unpleasant day or so and then are good friends again. With people like Cynthia and John Karslake, on the other hand, a divorce is the first thing that suggests itself—the easy, the usual end of a quarrel in married life.

"Who is to blame for such a condition? The law makes marriage a civil contract; divorces are easy to obtain. The church may place a ban on divorce. Why does not that keep husband and wife out of the divorce court? Can it be that the people I am criticising have ceased to be guided by the church?"

"Mrs. Parsons recently suggested marriages on probation," suggested the reporter. "Is such a system possible?"

"When we come right down to it," Mr. Mitchell replied, "do not some marriages amount to precisely that?

"The real trouble and the blame," continued Mr. Mitchell, "lies deeper than the foolish husbands and wives I have sought to typify in Mr. and Mrs. Karslake. The people I really aim at are the fathers and mothers of such husbands and wives. Why do they not teach their children that marriage is a solemn thing, not to be entered into lightly and carelessly cast aside? These parents are the guilty ones. Careless, indifferent, apathetic, or worse, they allow their children to marry without telling them what married life means, much less teaching them that a husband and wife must be steadfast and are not to rush off to the divorce court at a whim or after every quarrel. Is it amazing to think that the girls of such parents look on marriage merely as a matter of clothes, church, parson and orange blossoms, and know nothing of the obligations that come after?

Blame the Parents.

"The parents of such girls should be punished. I read the other day that a state in the west had passed a law directing that girls under 14 years of age should not be allowed on the streets at night. Does the law punish the girl? No. It directs that the parents pay a fine of five dollars every time the girl is found on the streets after dark. We should have such a law here. It places the blame where it belongs—on the parents."

"In the third act of 'The New York Idea,'" remarked the reporter, "the Englishman criticises the American girl and says that American girls who have married foreigners of title are in rather bad odor in Europe. Was that comment prompted by recent events in England and France?"

"No," Mr. Mitchell replied. "It was suggested months ago, while I was writing the play. I read an article in the Fortnightly Review in which some one had prepared a table showing 100 marriages of American girls and 100 marriages of young women from Austria-Hungary to Englishmen of title. The American girls, according to the article, were mothers of 50 children and the wives from Austria-Hungary of 300 children. That means an average of two American wives to one child and three children for every wife from Austria-Hungary."

The reporter mentioned the character of Rev. Mathew Phillamore in the play and his remarks which seemed to excuse divorce.

The Insincere Minister.

"I meant that to hit hard," replied Mr. Mitchell. "I aimed the blow at the insincere minister, the man who twists his words to suit the likes and dislikes of the people in his congregation."

"You mean the clergyman who compromises at every point?"

"That's what I mean, precisely—the compromising clergyman. No one has a more sincere admiration than I for the true clergyman—Phillips Brooks, for example, a man I knew well; or Bishop Doane, who has just said exactly what he thinks about divorce, no matter who is hurt; or a man like my old master at St. Paul's Academy in Concord, N. H., Dr. Coit. I have known him to walk into a saloon and up to the bar, take an ex-St. Paul's boy by the arm and lead him away as though he were a little child.

"I don't mean such men, but the preachers who twist and turn their words to suit the occasion. I believe that many of the people who see 'The New York Idea' will recognize the type and will agree with me. I want to hit such preachers hard."

Before the chat ended a passing reference was made to the address on the English and American drama, delivered at Harvard by Henry Arthur Jones, the English playright.

"I think Mr. Jones is wrong in some ways," remarked Mr. Mitchell. "The American drama is in a better condition than the English stage. There the people are very conservative; here they are openminded. We really recognized Bernard Shaw first, and his success on the English stage is largely a reflection of his vogue in America. The drama is a minor interest to an Englishman, and when anything happens to him he stays away from the theater. When anything happens to the American he goes to the theater more than ever. Americans love the theater."

Bishop Greer's Opinion.

Rt. Rev. David H. Greer, bishop coadjutor of the diocese of New York, when told of Mr. Mitchell's views on the divorce question, said that in his opinion the prevalence of divorce was not due to the indifference of parents or the lack of instruction to those about to marry, but was a manifestation of the moral irresponsibility of the day.

"I doubt if the lesson Mr. Mitchell outlines can be taught in the way he has chosen," Bishop Greer said. "I am not even certain that it does young people any good to teach them all that married life means—its sufferings and sacrifices. They know well enough what marriage is when they get into it.

"The problem of divorce seems to lie deeper than that. It rests in the lack of moral responsibility among our people. With the class we are discussing, morals are a question of convention. The desire to be considered moral is sometimes based on a wish to be thought respectable, or on some similar ambition or motive. Such conventions always depend on public opinion, and public opinion is as variable as a weather-cock.

"The attitude toward marriage and divorce, which we are discussing, is a sign of the day, of lives based on the habit of living for the hour or the day—in a word, the attitude of irresponsibility. So far as morals are concerned, the people seem to be drifting, to lack strong convictions. Perhaps it may be traced to the modern spirit of agnosticism. It is one manifestation of many of this spirit in modern life."

"Such as corruption in political or moral life?" suggested the reporter.

"The spirit makes itself felt in many ways," Bishop Greer replied. "It is frequently seen in the tendency to let well enough alone, and to accept life as it is."

Moral Irresponsibility.

"Then this moral irresponsibility is a disease?"

"Yes, it is a disease; a malignant disease that should be cut out."

"What is the remedy for this disease, so far as it concerns divorce?"

"There must be some remedy," Bishop Greer replied, after a moment of thoughtful silence. "The law can help, the church can help, and the newspapers can help. It is all a matter of public opinion, of making people realize their responsibilities.

"Do not believe for a moment that I am pessimistic," he hastened to add. "On the contrary, I am optimistic. Why do the newspapers, for example, show only the darkest side of life—the sins and crimes and sensational events? The pessimistic view of life always reminds me of the story of a boy from a country town, who was brought to New York by his father on his first visit. He had heard much of Broadway, and his father took him to see the street, its buildings, shops, and crowds passing along the sidewalks.

"'Well, what do you think of it?' asked the father when the trip had ended.

"The boy was clearly disappointed. 'All the people are lame,' he replied.

"Some questioning was required to find out exactly what the boy meant. It appeared that there was a lame man in the village where the boy had lived all his life. The boy remembered him distinctly, he was so strange, so different from the others. As he walked along Broadway he saw a dozen lame men. He remembered them rather than the hundreds of people who were sound. So it is with our pessimists. They can see only the lame men."

Felix Adler, professor of political and social ethics at Columbia university, expressed the opinion that the responsibility for divorces lay not with the lack of instruction of those contracting marriage, but in the view of parents that marriage is a means to obtain felicity and comfort, rather than an institution having for one of its important objects the preservation of society.

"Mr. Mitchell has skimmed a subject," said Prof. Adler, "which, to be thoroughly discussed, would require all the reflection of a work on philosophy. I should be inclined to go beyond the people in the divorce courts and beyond the neglect of the parents to inform their children regarding the duties and obligations of marriage, and to say the blame lay in the absence of thought and mature consideration of the marriage relation in the parents themselves.

"Marriage should not be considered, as is sometimes the case, merely for the felicity and comfort which the relation affords. Marriage is an institution for the perpetuation of the best spiritual element in our race. A child needs the protection, the spiritual influence, and the material guidance of the home long after infancy is passed. We see in nature the mountains, the rocks, the rivers. They are permanent. We face a condition in which the most precious thing of all—life—is ever in danger of extinction. It is the preservation of this most precious thing that should be the source of thought and study by those who live in the marriage relation. The blessed felicity of marriage is a result, not the motive, of marriage."

"Is the ignorance with which young people approach marriage due to a lack of frankness on the part of the parents?"

"I would hardly say that," Prof. Adler replied. "A New England woman asked me recently whether she should tell her young daughter everything about married life before her wedding.

"I was of the opinion that it would not be for the best. The mother should tell her daughter certain things, but if she learned everything there would be danger that the baldness of the narrative would neutralize the beneficial object of the lesson. The time would come in the young wife's life when she would give serious thought to the question. At such a time, other elements of married life—of affection, pride, loyalty, and the like—would enter into her consideration of the subject and help her to a sensible conclusion."

HUBBY, IF IT DON'T RAIN TO-MORROW I'M GOING DOWN TOWN AND GET A DIVORCE
"ALL THEY CARE FOR IS DRESS"
C.O.D.
TELL DR. STORK THAT I'M NOT AT HOME
SHE STOPS AT OBEDIENCE

Blood Poisoning from Thorn.

William Bamber, a farm laborer, pricked his finger with a thorn while planting a hedge at Allston, near Preston, England. Septic Poisoning set in, and Bamber died.

Subordination.

Who can tell why it is that in madhouses the idea of subordination is very seldom to be found? Bedlam is inhabited only by gods, kings, poets and philosophers.

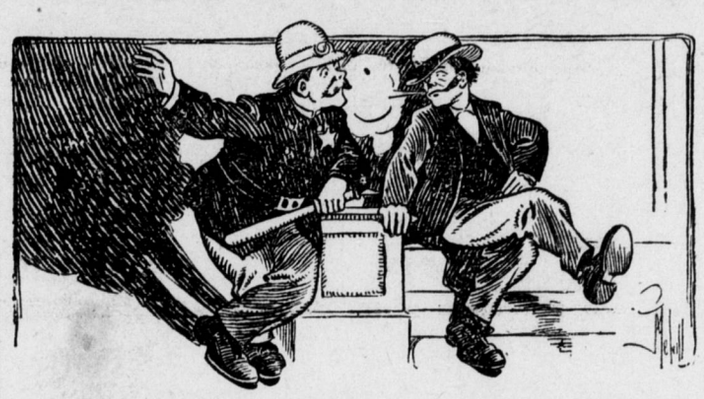
Western Progress.

Formerly the Kansas farmer was known by his hickory shirt. He is now recognized by the honk of his motor car.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Japanese Engagement Symbol.

The Japanese lover, instead of an engagement ring may give his future bride a piece of beautiful silk, to be worn as a sash.

HE TALKS OF POLICE METHODS.



"I Can See You Lookin' Wise an' Measurin' th' Thracks in th' Mud with a Fut-Rule."

Policeman Barney Flynn was grievously troubled by a youth of the name of Horatio Mann. Horatio was a well-meaning young fellow, but he had erroneous ideas. He had read dime novels until he had become imbued with the idea that a detective is the greatest of created beings, and it was his ambition to be one. Hence his admiration for Flynn. He had heard stories of the policeman's prowess, and he haunted him. He wanted to know all about his methods and his exploits, and more than all else he wanted the policeman to get him a position on the force or with some detective agency.

"I know I'm just made for a detective," he said frequently. "All my inclinations lie in that direction, and I revel in mystery."

It will be seen from this that Horatio spoke reasonably correct English. Indeed, he had had a fair education, the only trouble being that it had not "worked in." However, as Policeman Flynn once remarked, "a ma-an can get book-l'arnin' anny time iv his life, but 't is not with sinse, f'r sinse do be a nach'ral gift." Horatio had the book-learning, but he lacked the sense, and this it was that made him so annoying to the policeman. He could not be persuaded that the life of a detective was not one long romance, filled with disguises, thrilling adventures and fabulous rewards. He would make himself up in the most wonderful and outlandish way, and then drop in on Flynn to ask if that would not fool the cleverest "crook." Later he amused himself by shadowing people in the neighborhood, and writing out reports of his "work," which he submitted to Flynn for approval or criticism.

"Ye wa-ant me f'r to help ye to be a daytictive?" said Policeman Flynn to him one day. "M-m-m, well"—drawing his hand over his chin in the old familiar way—"I'll tell ye what I'll do f'r ye. I'll give ye th' po-lis ixamination an' see how ye come out. 'T is not ye-er pla-an f'r to star-art in as a pathrolman, iv coorse?"

"Oh, no," answered the youth. "I feel that my talents are above that."

"'T is what I sup-posed," said Policeman Flynn. "Th' woods is full iv la-ads like you. Some iv thim wa-ants to be prisidint iv a r-railroad, some iv thim wa-ants to be editor iv a newspa-aper, some iv thim wa-ants to be gin'ral manager iv anny ol' business that's big enough, but most iv them wa-ants to be day-tictives. Anny way ye put it, they can do betther than th' fellies that's doin' th' wor-rk now. But 't is a shtrange thing to me that th' min that's makin' na-ames f'r thimsilves at th' top is niver th' wans that sta-arted in up there. Did ye iver think iv that?"

"No-o, I can't say that I did," replied the youth.

"Iv coorse not," said Policeman Flynn, "an' ye w'u'd n't think th' r-rule was f'r ye if ye did. 'T is not nicissary in ye-er ca-ase. Ye're too sma-art. Well, mebbe so. We'll thry it on. Ivery la-ad that wants to be a day-tictive has to be ixamined, an' I'll put a few quistions to ye. Sup-pose ye was in cha-arge iv th' day-tictive wor-rk an' a big burglary was committed, what w'u'd ye do?"

"I'd look for a clue," answered Horatio, promptly and confidently.

"I can see ye doin 'it," asserted Policeman Flynn with a chuckle. "I can see ye goin' through th' pla-ace, an' lookin' wise, an' gettin' down on ye-er knees f'r to ixamine a bit iv mud through a magnifyin'-glass, an' thin goin' out an' measurin' th' thracks in th' mud with a fut-rule. I can hear ye saying, 'This gr-reat crime was committed be a ma-an with a large fut an' a nail shtickin' out iv wan shoe. 'T is only nicissary now f'r to find th' shoe an' arrist th' ma-an.' Oho! ye'd ma-ake a gr-reat day-tictive, f'r sure."

"Is not that what you'd do?" asked Horatio.

"I'm not ta-alkin' iv what I'd do," returned Policeman Flynn. "I'm ta-alkin' iv what th' gr-reat day-tictive does. If ye was a r-real day-tictive an' had this wor-rk f'r to do, ye'd go to th' pla-ace an' luk wise, an' thin ye'd go back an ordher th' dhrag-net put out. Ivery ma-an that c'u'd ha-ave done it an' lots that c'u'd n't w'u'd be brought in an'—"

"Arrested?" interrupted Horatio.

"F'r sure," replied Policeman Flynn.

"But what right would you have to arrest people against whom you had no evidence?"

"Who's ta-alkin' iv rights?" retorted Policeman Flynn. "I'm ta-alkin' iv th' wa-ays iv po-lis day-tictives, an' I don't want ye f'r to be botherin' me with ye-er fool quistions. Ye'd ha-ave thim all brought in, an' ye'd ixamine thim an' ma-ake thim prove they was n't th' wans, an' sift it down till ye'd got it bechune a few iv thim. Thin mebbe ye'd la-and ye'er ma-an through some wan tellin' on him so's to keep r-right with ye, or mebbe some felly on th' outside w'u'd tip it off to ye so's ye'd give him a little more shwing. Oho! they's lots iv wa-ays iv gettin' at th' fac's without tra-acin' a cr-rime up. That used to be th' ol' way, but 't is out iv date. 'First find out who did it an' thin arrist him,' was th' ol' rule, but now 't is, 'First arrist ye-er ma-an, an' thin find if he's th' wan, or if he knows the wan ye wa-ant.' Iv coorse they's exciptions, but this is th' reg'lar wa-ay."

"And what would be the next thing for me to do?" asked the youth, somewhat distressed by having his ideals thus ruthlessly shattered.

"Ye sh'u'd throw out ye-er chist, puff on a big see-gar, an' say, ''T was a ha-ard job, but I done it.'"

"Is that all?" asked Horatio.

"Oho! is that all?" repeated Policeman Flynn. "If ye c'u'd see th' time some iv th' day-tictives puts in doin' it, ye'd sa-ay 't is enough."

Policeman Flynn, it is hardly necessary to say, looks with some contempt on the average police detective, believing that he is a man who gets most of the glory, while the patrolman does most of the work, but that perhaps is natural in a man who is a patrolman from choice.

"Still, a man may do work in his own way, I suppose," suggested Horatio, after a moment of thought.

"Ye Sh'u'd Throw Out Ye'er Chist, Puff an a Big Seegar an' Say, ''Twas a Ha-ard Job, But I Done It.'"

"F'r sure," answered Policeman Flynn, "but 't is a ha-arder wa-ay."

"An' if he does a really good piece of work he gets his reward?"

"R-right ye are."

"What is it usually?"

"M-m-m, well," returned Policeman Flynn, thoughtfully, "that all daypinds. Sometimes 't is wan thing, an' sometimes 't is another. Sometimes 't is promotion, an' sometimes 't is not. D' ye ray-mimber th' time I wint down th' chute an' arristed a gang in th' cellar?"

"Yes, indeed. Did you get a reward for that?"

"I did."

"What was it?"

"I was docked th' price iv th' coat I rooned goin' down th' chute."

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(Copyright, by the Century Co.)

Rivals.

Gunner—Why are those ships acting so queerly out there in the bay?

Guyer—I don't know. They are sister ships, though.

Gunner—Well, that accounts for it.

Guyer—Accounts for what?

Gunner—Why, I bet they are flirting with that big man-o'-war over there.—Chicago Daily News.

Her Prerogative.

"No, I will never be a public speaker."

"It is easy enough."

"I wish you would tell me how."

"You should practice making speeches to your wife when you are alone together."

"You don't know my wife."—Houston Post.

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CHRISTMAS NUMBER

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS

DECEMBER 20, 1906.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE

Santa's Christmas Mail

HIS sleigh and reindeer re-enforced by fast trains and ocean liners, Santa Claus is delivering a much larger number of presents every year. The United States postal authorities say the Christmas mail this season will far exceed in volume that of last winter. And then it was tremendous.

With every hamlet, town and city sending out and receiving its quota, millions of letters and packages—some by special delivery, many registered and others with ordinary postage—travel from and to all parts of the nation, arrive from foreign shores or pass out to them. There are about 80,000,000 persons in this country. A majority of them both send and receive Christmas mail, from one to several dozen pieces each. This gives a faint idea of the extent of the work that falls upon the postal authorities.

Whether in the heart of the city or on a rural delivery route the carrier is loaded down with gifts—remembrances of loving friends or heart echoes of scattered families. The letters he must deliver are easily three times as many as in ordinary seasons, but his greatest burden is the packages—innumerable, back breaking packages.

But if the carriers are worked hard, how about the postoffice clerks? Besides the increased amount of matter they have to handle, they must be particularly careful that the regulations of the department are not being violated. Many articles of merchandise are prohibited transmission in the mails. Violations are frequent because of ignorance.

SANTA MAKES THE POSTMAN'S BACK ACHE.

One thing that causes extra work for the letter sorters is the peculiar addresses on many letters and packages. Aside from the thousands of missives sent to Santa Claus, there are those with some such address as "Care of Lieutenant Peary, North Pole." Puzzle addresses are not uncommon, and, although postoffice people enjoy them ordinarily, they do not at Christmas time. A frequent form of address is a drawing of a plum pudding, with the name, street and city written in minute characters on a leaf of a sprig of holly at the top.

The greatest center of postal activity in the world is probably New York city. It is by far the largest mail distributing or shipping point on the continent, receiving postal matter from foreign countries, from the north, south and west. It also has an immense foreign population that sends home vast numbers of money orders and registered letters.

In the midst of the Christmas rush an average of 5,000 registered parcels and 60,000 letters an hour are received at the foreign mail station in New York. Recently one ship sailed for Europe with 3,000 sacks of ordinary mail matter and almost 75,000 registered packages, while another vessel carried away half a million dollars in money orders.

D. W. DOW.

I DO not know his name. Perhaps it was Tom. Most cats of his persuasion are called Tom. It is a sort of noncommittal name and is no burden to the cat. Mark Twain says he once killed a promising bunch of cats by overloading them with names. He called them Zoroaster, Sour Mash, Apollinaris and Blatherskite. I once knew a cat named Plupey Shute, but he was fairly husky and did not seem to mind it. We might compromise by calling this especial feline Micawber. He was always looking for something. Mostly it was for something to eat, and when it wasn't that it was for trouble.

Micawber had had a hard life. What between the world, the flesh and the small boy he was up against it most of the time. As a kitten he had been reared in comparative luxury, but that time now seemed to him, when he thought of it at all, like a dim, sweet dream. Mostly he did not think of it, being too busy with everyday affairs, such as fighting, dodging stones and looking for provender. The family where he had lived in his happy youth had moved away, forgetting to take him along. The next occupants of the house did not want him, so he was thrown out on the cold world. He did not leave voluntarily, but after being chased out, kicked out, locked out and doused with hot water a sufficient number of times he finally took the hint that his company was not desired. He did not so much mind the indignities, but rude, physical assault pained and surprised him. There are some things that even a cat will not stand.

After that, for the most part, he lived in a back alley. He slept in a barrel by day and went on voyages of exploration and discovery by night. He did not find much but tribulation and scraps—scraps that were eatable and scraps with other felines. Sometimes, when driven by hunger, he ventured out by day. Occasionally he caught sight of a mouse, a bird or a chipmunk. Then, motionless and alert, he would watch it for what seemed ages. The patience of a cat is a thing that should be immortalized on a monument. While on these daily outings he had to jump sideways and straight up to get out of the way of playful brickbats and clods hurled in his direction. He became as expert in dodging missiles as a millionaire in evading a court summons. Only Micawber knew nothing about millionaires. He belonged to the hoi polloi. Most of the time he lived the strenuous life. He became expert in war through many trouncings. He learned to lick everything he could not make love to. He had no morals to speak of and was never troubled by conscience or altruism. When living the simple life he was mild and meek looking and had a voice as gentle and pleading as that of a book agent. But when on the warpath he was a cyclone and emitted yells that would wake up the block. He was a bad man from the mountains and was yearning to make the world acquainted with the fact.

Now, there are cats and cats, as you doubtless know. Sometimes there are too many of them, especially at night. Micawber belonged to this overplus. The cat's voice when tuned up is not exactly like the music of the spheres, but attracts more attention. When excited by wrath feline language has a diabolic quality that sounds like blasphemy. So does the language of the man who is stirred out of his rest thereby. If some Garner could discover just what feline small talk means he would doubtless bring to our notice an original and delicious array of swear words that would enrich the language.

Through long practice Micawber had developed a voice that ran all the gamut of hideousness. It scooted through all the scales of discord and embraced all the octaves of inharmony. It was not musical, but penetrating. It was chaotic, criminal and assault provoking. It expressed all that is fiendish and malevolent. It had in it the despair and terror of a lost soul, the wail of a defeated demon. It was a scandal, an outrage and an infamy. The steam siren got all its sliding scale of diabolism, all its crescendo of cussedness, all its switchbacks and shoot the chutes of the infernalism of sound from the feline voice.

Yet to regard Micawber's sleepy eyes, his inoffensive demeanor and his playful disposition one could not suspect him of harboring such sentiments. You would not imagine that under that fluffy and amiable exterior could be rolled up so much noise and depravity—on the outside, inoffensive and guileless docility; on the inside, murder, riot and vice. "Childlike and bland," like "the heathen Chinee," he had underneath a double portion of the spirit of Beelzebub. That is a cat. That was Micawber.

His life contained other forms of excitement. Once for a time he found a haven of refuge in a saloon. He did not learn to tipple, for that is a form of human delinquency that is beyond even a cat. He was regarded as the mascot of the place and grew as sleek and prosperous looking as the owner. One night the saloon blew up from a defective gas main. In removing the ruins the workmen unearthed one piece of debris that emitted a wild yell and shot out of the place like a streak. It was Micawber, denuded of hair, but very much alive. Many emotions were expressed in that yell—pain, rage, terror, hunger and the outraged sense that follows the betrayal of childlike faith. He had trusted and in return had had hurled at him a large section of earthquake and destruction. Out of peaceful sleep he had been hit by a house, hurled what seemed miles upward and had fallen back to be pinned down under a rain of broken bar fixtures, fragments of free lunches and smashed beer bottles, there to be imprisoned in the blackness of utter darkness for what seemed unending ages. What way was this to treat a defenseless and unsuspecting cat? What had he done to the world that it should blow him up and trample on him in such fashion?

In time, however, his wounded feelings and skin healed, his fur grew back and he was once more ready to make a presentable appearance in company. Even cats feel some delicacy about venturing into society with most of their clothes ripped off.

Still later in his career he was taken in by a large and matronly woman with an amiable disposition and a double chin. Here he regained his faith in humankind and ceased for a time to be a howling pessimist. Having had a little orifice cut for him into the kitchen entryway, this he wore slick with his frequent comings and goings. But some stray cats also learned of the hole, so a small door with hinges above was placed over the opening. This hurt Micawber's feelings, and he mewed piteously until one day the small boy of the house pushed him through the hole and showed him how the door worked. Ever afterward he asked nobody's assistance—that is, in going out. But when it came to getting back, that was a different matter. At first he pushed against the door, but this hurt his head and did not effect the desired result. Then he mewed. Finally he worked it out with his small cat brain. Lying on his back, he pawed the door open, then by a sudden squirming motion was through the hole before it could close again. After that achievement he arched his back and walked as proudly as though he had whipped the biggest Tom on the block. Nor did he forget the trick. Finally the family discovered him at it, and neighbors came to see his cleverness. If this caused him any pride, however, he never showed it. Cats are not afflicted with swelled head, even though they have no ethics worth mentioning.

When the family whom Micawber had honored with his presence moved away to a distant city it was with sincere regret that they were forced to leave him behind. As the house stood vacant for a time he again became a wanderer on the face of the earth, a tramp, a stray, a vagabond. So once more he began carousing and disturbing the neighborhood. He had a perennial appetite that never was appeased, a craving that never was filled. Micawber was a handsome cat and valiant withal, and among the nondescript felines of all colors and no color to speak of he shone resplendent in a tabby coat, striped like a tiger. He had now reached an age when any well regulated cat should have settled down and become a respected citizen. Perhaps it was a sense of his unregenerate condition that caused him to cast about for another home. During his wanderings he stopped at a barn and a farmer gave him milk fresh from the cow. There were three dogs on the place, and Micawber did not stay.

One winter's day he especially felt the need of a new life. Perhaps it was because he was cold; also hungry. It seemed to him that he was always hungry. He was a bundle of appetite, an animated void, an incarnate longing. This particular day, which was to prove a red letter one in his career, he wandered far from his usual haunts. Finally espying a slightly open door, his old domestic habits got the best of him, and he ventured in. It was Christmas, but he knew nothing of that, being a pagan and heathen by nature. Perhaps in some subconscious way he was sent as a Christmas gift to the little folks there, but of that he also was in ignorance.

When once inside, the house seemed deserted, but it was warm. That was the main thing. No, not quite the main thing, for the inward gnawing continued. The carnal nature of a cat is as strong as that of some people. The only object in the universe now worth seeking was a dinner. Suddenly he caught an unmistakable scent that made his nerves tingle and his mouth water. Surely that was milk! Micawber's unerring instinct located it on a nearby table, and with a single spring he was there. But the best laid plans not only of mice and men, but also of cats, go oft astray. There was certainly milk here, but in such peculiar guise that his feline brain could not make it out. The nursing bottle was a new thing in his experience. He gave it up.

Next he espied another cat, one that looked like a very small edition of himself. It reminded him of his own days of kittenhood, when he had played with a ball and romped his way into the hearts of the children. He was not without sentiment, and, hungry as he was, he would stop to make friends. Leaping on to the table where the small cat was seated, he proceeded to make advances. But never a word said the other cat. He advanced closer, but the kitten did not even deign to notice him. This was rank discourtesy, and he went away in disgust. Stuffed cats were also a new thing to Micawber.

Venturing on his hunger driven way, he suddenly became rigid in every limb. He knew that odor. What cat does not? It was a mouse. But where?

Again his instinct directed him to the spot. It was on a table in the kitchen, and with a bound he was there. Yes, here was the hole—two of them, in fact. Placing his nose down in cat fashion, he discovered which hole the mouse used. Knowing nothing of the mysteries of traps and that this particular one had caught a small rodent only the night before, he sat down patiently to wait for that mouse to come forth. There the mistress found him when she returned from a hurried call to borrow some extra spoons for the Christmas dinner. Out of her large heart she took pity on the wandering feline, and he was rewarded with a liberal Christmas helping of his own. He was forthwith adopted and settled down to an old and respected cathood.

Only he was not called Micawber, but by the more appropriate, if more commonplace, name of Tabby. Of his former wanderings and adventures he told me himself as he purred out his content and gratitude at his new found home.

Care of the Dog.

Dogs vary greatly in their appetites, and occasionally we find a dainty feeder who will nose over a mixed dish of food, picking out a bit here and there and showing but little relish for what he does eat. This is an evident sign that something is wrong. Changing his teeth, if a puppy, thus disturbing his system, may be the cause, and in this case a little cooling medicine should be given.

The Worst Part.

A professor of Trinity college, Dublin, overhearing an undergraduate making use of profane language, rushed at him frantically, exclaiming, "Are you aware, sir, that you are imperiling your immortal soul and, what is worse, incurring a fine of 5 shillings?"

Proof.

Edie—Were you taken by surprise when he proposed, dear? Ella—Goodness, yes! Why, I hadn't even looked up his financial standing!—Ally Sloper.

CRAMER'S

Semi - Annual Clearance Sale

Of Ladies and Children's Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, Coats, Skirts, Waists, Furs, Underwear, that we are going to dispose of in the next two weeks regardless of Cost.

Millinery

Ladies and Children's hats.

Ladies $2.00 and $3.00 hats.	.98
Ladies 4.00 and 5.00 hats.	$1.98
Ladies 6.00 and 7.00 hats.	3.19
Ladies 8.00 and 10.00 hats	4.98
Children's $2 00 and $3.00 hats.	89
Children's 4.00 and 5.00 hats	1.99

Furs

Ladies $3.00 furs now	$1 49
Ladies 6.00 furs now.	3.78
Ladies 10.00 furs now	6.39
Ladies 15.00 furs now	11.00
Children's $3.00 fur set now	1.49
Children's 5.00 fur set now	2.98
Children's 7.00 fur set now	4.00

Skirts

Ladies $3.00 skirts now.	$1.69
Ladies 4.00 skirts now	2.39
Ladies 5.00 skirts now.	3.19
Ladies 6.00 skirts now.	4.00
Ladies 8.00 skirts now.	4.98

Coats

Ladies $8.00 Coat now	$4.98
Ladies 10.00 Coat now	6.00
Ladies 12.00 Coat now	7.98
Ladies 16.00 Coat now	11.00
Ladies 20.00 Coat now	13.50
Children's $4.00 Coat now	1.98
Children's $6.00 Coat now.	3.49
Children's $8.00 Coat now.	4.98

Waists

Ladies $1.00 white lawn waist now	.49
Ladies 1.50 and $2.00 white lawn waist now.	.78
Ladies $1.25 white Madras waist	.75
Ladies 2.00 white Madras waist	1.19
Ladies 2.50 white and colored wool waist	1.69
Ladies $3.50 white and colored silk waist	2.49
Ladies $4.00 white and colored silk waist.	2.98
Ladies $5.00 white and colored Silk waist	3.89

WE have also the largest assortment ever brought to Emporium, in Ladies, Men's and Children's dressed and undressed Kid Gloves, Golf Gloves, Mittens, Underwear, Hosiery, Neckwear, Ribbons, etc.

Christmas Goods

For the shoppers of Holiday Goods it will be to your interest to see our display before purchasing, as we have the largest assortment ever shown in Emporium.

Bargains for all.

You Get the Profits

We Invite you to call whether you buy or not.

No trouble to show goods.

W. H CRAMER.

cake and plum pudding. She planned for turkey and for chicken pie, and her husband eyed her in gloomy retrospection of the glad old times, growling out to her that she seemed to be preparing for an army, and she flashed out that this wasn't the time to be stingy and perhaps there would be some poor to feed—there always had been so far.

Then came the 24th day of December, a heavy snowstorm and much embarrassment for the old couple. Each had secretly sent all the children presents and a letter, neither mentioning the other, and the lawyer had called on them and told them that it was time to drop the divorce business and make up or push it and have it over with. They almost drove him from the house, and he laughed as he went down the street.

About noon John came in, gruff and shy, and put a great armful of holly on the white kitchen table. She looked at him till he explained.

"May Carr give it to me. They had too much at the church, and she give me no chance to say I didn't want it—you know May's way. She said the Christmas tree was the biggest the church ever had and there were more children needing things. She asked if you had anything pretty or useful you didn't want, and I said I would ask you."

They had missed the church woefully and had always helped out with everything. They had always been cheerful and charitable. This appeal touched them both.

Mary rummaged about and sent an offering that rejoiced the hearts of those who were trimming the tree. John took it to the church, and everybody shook hands with him and in the general gladness seemed to have forgotten that anything was wrong.

About 4, while Mary was alone resting after putting up all the holly, a telegram came for John. She did not know where he was, and she suffered the usual agony of simple people unaccustomed to receiving telegrams. She dared not open it and imagined the death and burial of all her children and grandchildren, one after the other.

While she was in this frame of mind another message came, and the boy had scarcely gone when a third arrived. Then she sent a neighbor's boy for her husband and received him almost fainting. He was as frightened as she, but the first read: "Meet 6 o'clock train tonight. Mary." The second said: "Meet 6 o'clock train tonight. Paul." The third bade him meet the 6 o'clock train and was signed "Elizabeth." While they stood staring at each other a boy brought another. This was different.

"Meet 8 o'clock train from west for little Christine. Alice died suddenly yesterday. Mother, give her a home till I can get to you. Letter later." It was 5 then. They stood staring a moment, and then Mary fell to piling wood on the fire and spoke briefly to John.

"Father, you'll have to hurry to get to that train." He went out to the barn and hitched the team to the double cutter. When he came back he lifted down to their grandmother's arms her daughter Mary's three children, three of Paul's and one of Elizabeth's. They were all laughing and shouting and each was ticketed "Merry Christmas. I am a gift to grandpa and grandma."

They were barely fed and warmed when John went to the later train and returned with the motherless three-year-old Christine in his arms. She had been put in the conductor's care and was sound asleep, with tears on her cheeks and her yellow curls tousled, on her grandfather's shoulder. Her grandmother reached up for her.

"John," she said, "she is ours. We must keep things together for the children! John, I'm awfully ashamed of how hard I've been, and I ain't ashamed to say so. Will you forgive me?" He stooped suddenly and kissed her as he put the child in her arms.

"Ma," he said, "I've been an old fool, and I'm the one to blame! I'll go and straighten things at church and if you'll have me for a Christmas present all right!" And she smiled happily up at him.

Tried to Bribe Santa.

The appearance of the Salvation Army Santa Clauses on the streets of New York are the occasions of many a curious little scene when the children espy them. In Twenty-third street a little girl suddenly rushed up to the pavement saint of toys and children and, thrusting into his hand a quarter, cried out, "Here, Santa Claus, take this, I don't want you to forget me," and was back to the side of her mother again in an instant. The little lass had tried to bribe the saint!

Something to Look Big.

Mr. Bigheart—Wiggins, old boy, we have raised $50 to get the boss a Christmas present, and we want something that will make a show for the money—something that will look big, you know. Can't you suggest something?

Wiggins—Sure. Buy $50 worth of rice and boil it.—Men and Women.

Salvation Army as Santa Claus.

The thousands of cents or nickels or dimes dropped into the Salvation Army's iron kettles under the red tripods at the street corners in New York city last December provided Christmas dinners for fully 28,000 poor people, and 450 were supplied with clothing with the money contributed by the public.

The Merchildren's Lament.

Little Sissie Mermaid
In the deep was weeping;
Little Johnnie Merboy
Company was keeping.

'Cause of their bewailing?
We admit it shocking—
They can never, never
Have a Christmas stocking!
—New York Herald.

A Christmas Reconciliation

How Santa Claus Brought Peace to Two Troubled Old Hearts.

By JOANNA SINGLE.

[Copyright, 1905, by P. C. Eastment.]

THEY were both sixty, and they both had gray hair, and their six children were all happily married and prosperous, but living at long distances from their parents. There was money enough for both, and both were in good health. But they were both wretched. For this state of affairs John Bowen blamed his wife and Mary Bowen blamed her husband. It had all come about since they sold the farm, three years ago, when Will, their youngest son, had married and moved to Colorado with his pretty wife, Alice. Then the old people had moved to town and had begun to quarrel. Nobody, not they themselves, knew just how it had begun, and only Mary, the eldest daughter, had suspected that anything was wrong. She had said nothing, considering silence the better part, until something really had to be done.

At last and suddenly things had come to a head. The pastor of the little church to which they belonged had noticed that there was an un-Christian coolness between husband and wife. They no longer sat side by side, sometimes one went home without the other, their offerings were no longer one, but separate gifts, and they disagreed in class meeting upon matters of doctrine. The pastor "labored" with them because of their example to younger married couples.

"JOHN," SHE SAID, "SHE IS OURS."

This enraged John, who told him that neither of them would come to church again and asked for their letters. When, however, the pastor was gone he turned fiercely on his wife. He said it was her behavior that had brought notice upon them, and she said that if he was ugly at home she, for her part, was not a hypocrite and would not pretend abroad that all was right between them.

Then each threatened to leave the other, and finally they talked of dividing the property. At this they quarreled more fiercely than ever, not from selfishness, for each wanted the other to have the larger share. On this John Bowen insisted until some devil prompted Mary to say his generosity was only for the purpose of putting her in the wrong by making her seem mercenary. Then they saw a lawyer, a kindly man, who failed to reconcile their differences, and from trying to divide the property each got more and more angry until finally Mary had the papers drawn up for a divorce, and John filed a cross claim. Neither would have the papers served just then. There were things to be attended to, and then the children must be told.

Somehow neither one of them could bear to tell the children, and more than once they were on the verge of making up. So it happened that it was almost Christmas time, and still nothing was done about it. However, the pastor finally wrote to their daughter Mary, asking her if she could not reconcile her parents to each other, and she wrote to her brothers and sisters. The three of them who could met and talked it over and concluded to adopt a plan evolved by Mary, who probably understood the root of the trouble better than the others.

This daughter, her mother's name sake, had three fine children. Paul had four, and Elizabeth had two, one too small to leave its mother.

At the little home of the old people all was gloom. The old man was sorting and destroying old papers, and his wife was mending and arranging and cleaning her already clean house. She was bound to leave her husband comfortable and was convinced that no one would properly look after his flannels and his rheumatism when she had gone to her daughter's. This she had fully purposed to do, for she would not put him out of his own house. He was equally obstinate about leaving it to her.

Two days before Christmas Mary began to cook, with all her experienced skill, pumpkin and apple and mince and squash pies, fruit cake and layer

Christmas With The Sky Dwellers

The First Stop on Santa Claus' Reindeer Route.

TO hand a snorting reindeer six-in-hand on the roof of a New York skyscraper requires pretty skillful handling of the lines, but Santa Claus is the man who can do it without jarring a brick off the chimneys. Why should he want to stop at such a queer depot? you ask. Because there are hundreds of little children living right in the very center of New York who have never pressed their tender feet upon the brown earth, climbed trees, played in the grass or experienced the thousand and one pleasures so common to everyday life. They live above the clouds, twenty stories or more above the real things of the world, but nearer by those twenty stories to the stars, the angels—and Santa Claus. Their aerial dwellings are his first stopping places on his annual Christmas journey through the atmosphere.

Born hundreds of feet above the haunts of ordinary mortals, these little ones often pass years of their lives in their dizzy homes without a thought of what is going on so far below them. Their fathers are the superintendents, engineers and janitors of these lofty buildings. Upon the very roofs of these great pillars of steel cozy, home breathing cottages have been erected.

Here, right up against the sky, the children live and play from morning until night. They never miss the green fields and the tall trees, for they have never known them. Their playgrounds are the expansive roofs of the big buildings, and they are as free as the air.

While the smaller children pass their early years at home with their mothers twenty stories above everybody, their older brothers and sisters attend school with the little ones living far down on the streets. In the evenings

TWO LITTLE SKY DWELLERS.

they tell a gaping crowd of sky dwellers the sights they have seen while going to and from school. The "skyscraper twins," who were born on top of one of New York's highest buildings and who so far have gone through life together as they started upon the journey, often think of the great day to come when they will go down the elevator and be among the toy people they have seen so far below them crawling along the sidewalks.

These twins, who are the pride, of course, of their father and mother, have never been away from the roof on which they were born. Life has been one short and happy dream to them. They do not know what a street car really looks like, for they have merely seen the shapeless, dingy roofs of the "L" trains as they squirm along their crooked ways like some short, thick snake with square head and tail. They are full of health and have rosy cheeks and big, dancing, bright eyes.

This means that they eat well, sleep well and enjoy life. There are seesaws and swings high up among the clouds on some of the skyscrapers and the ever present little red express wagon so dear to the small boy's heart. Races are run on the iron roofs, and top spinning and marble playing are favorite sports.

There are deaths on the tops of the skyscrapers as well as births. One of the saddest of these was that of a little boy who had gone down to the street for the first time to play and was crushed to death by a heavy truck.

A family of nine children born to one couple who have lived on the same roof for nearly forty years shows that race suicide has its enemies there. Five of these children have grown to manhood and are in the public service as policeman, fireman or mail carrier.

Dogs and cats are numerous on the skyscrapers. The children there are as well off for four footed playmates as those on the earth. Some have never known anything else but the roof, where they play by day and howl all night long to their hearts' content.—New York Times.

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22 years of successful banking is the record of this institution during which time its doors has been opened every business day.

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Stacking up dollars is a facinating game. Once you get interested in it you will wonder why you never engaged in it before. If every person knew what a satisfaction there was in having a growing bank account, this would be a happier world. Why not start a bank account with the new year? We receive deposit $1.00 and upwards.

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We keep on hand at all times an ample supply of bright new currency, fresh from U. S. Treasury. Christmas week we pay over the counter nothing but new money from 1 cent to $20 bills.

MERRY CHRISTMA
and
HAPPY NEW YEAR

SANTA CLAUS' HEADQUARTERS

H. S. LLOYD'S

Xmas Joyland

DEAR CHILDREN:—

Get into bed early Xmas eve, shut your eyes and sleep. If you do not peep out over the bed clothes at me, I'll surely stop with my reindeers and pack, and leave you the nicest presents you ever saw. If you care to see my samples before Xmas, you can do so, if you come to HARRY S. LLOYD'S store, where I've unloaded my pack. You can see all sorts of toys at LLOYD'S store and this year more than ever before, so good bye my little friends.

FROM SANTA CLAUS

Xmas Candy.

A large assortment in Holiday Confectionery, fancy boxes in great variety of styles and prices. Just a fresh lot of mixed candies, the famous Xmas hand-made candy and clear toys.

Bright colored tinsled candy boxes in shapes for decorating Xmas trees, also pop corn balls and beaded candy strings.

This is where I make my headquarters every year—in H. S. Lloyd's store, holiday season 1906.

"SANTA CLAUS HAS BEEN HERE."

Christmas Greeting

Ask to see

Kodak Albums, also Post Card Albums and Fancy Boxes for Post Cards. Albums ranging in price from 15c to $1.50.

Safaty Razor

For a gentleman, no present is more desireable than the GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR. We have some beauties, prices from $5.00 to $14.50.

Pens

The famous Waterman Ideal Pen will make a useful gift. We have them from $2.00 to $5.00.

1907 Diaries Now Ready.

Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymnals

Our Fancy Goods Counter

On this counter will be found boxes for the boudoir, made of the finest woods and leather, including Toilette Cases, Cigar and Collar and Cuff Boxes, Handkerchief and Glove Boxes, Jewelry Boxes, Shaving Sets and Military Brush Sets, in a variety of prices; also men's Bill Rolls and Card Cases.

Pictures

In many shapes and sizes. Our new line of Framed Pictures are pretty and unique.

China

Many styles of vases, cups and saucers, fancy dishes and novelties such as mustard cups, ash receivers, pin trays, brush and comb trays, images, etc.

Books

Do you know that we have the largest and best assortmeht of books we have ever had. It comprises all the late novels of the year. Gift books for young and old in a variety of bindings. For boys—Henty, Alger, Optic and Cooper series. For Girls—Meade, Carey and Sunny Corner series. Little folks' Books ranging in price from 5c to $1.00, including Buster Brown, Foxy Grandpa, Baby Ballads and Fairy tales.

Stationery

Box papers in immense assortment; attractive articles in holly and other pretty designs; these make ideal Christmas gifts, and prices range from 25c to $1.50

A variety of music rolls, traveling cases and cigar cases.

Sporting Goods

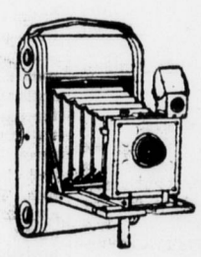
Suitable Sporting goods, including skates, guns, boxing gloves, foot balls and striking bags.

Holidays are Kodak Days

Eastman Kodas, From $1 to $97

The Kodaker has all the delights that others have—and has pictures besides. And there's pleasure in the making as well as possessing of Kodak pictures.

Every Step is Simple now. No Dark Room at any Stage of the Work, and better results than ever.



Fine Line of Roigs Holiday Boxes of Cigars $1.00 per Box.

Also new line of Pipes for Christmas Presents.